The Nation

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The Week

It is with regret that supporters of the Wilson Administration who believe, with the *Nation*, that the waste of the people's money for battleships is indefensible, will read that the Administration appears about committed to a three-battleship programme. If the President really consents to this he will go counter to the opinion of his party as expressed in the last Congress, by which the money waste was held down to one battleship; and he will go the Taft Administration one better. Its appeal was for only two ships, and yet it represented the jingo and imperialistic forces in the country. If the Democrats now abandon their historic policy of a small armament, on Mr. Wilson's advice, they should at least give to the country clear and specific reasons why some forty millions of dollars should be taken for this purpose. There is no real cloud in sight on the horizon of our foreign politics, unless it be the Mexican imbroglio, and for any such emergency we now have battleships enough. For us to plunge ahead at the rate of three ships a year will be further to alarm South America and stir up suspicion and anxiety across both the oceans.

The Senate's postponement of the Hetch Hetchy park question to the regular session of Congress is so much to the good; but it will be very little to the good unless the opponents of the scheme make use of the interval in the most energetic and effective manner possible. One thing that would be extremely helpful is the preparation of a thoroughgoing report on the subject by some expert or experts of acknowledged authority on the question of landscape beauty as well as of water-supply. This would require money, and the money would have to be raised quickly; but the amount would be trifling in comparison with the object at stake, and an instant appeal in the right quarters ought to be immediately successful. In the meanwhile it is gratifying to note the emphatic stand which the influential press of the country is taking on the subject. To its protest, and that of a few individual workers, must be ascribed the success thus far attained in resisting the scheme of spoliation.

In handsome spirit Mr. Taft has urged support of the Wilson Administration, and expressed his hope that there is no one who does not wish the present Government to succeed in benefiting all the people. "I don't mind," he is quoted as saying, "seeing Congress brought under a rule that carries through what that party promised." In other words, he finds no fault with Mr. Wilson's personal efforts to induce the Democrats in Congress to live up to their pledges. Those alarmed at Mr. Wilson's holding Congress up to its tasks are, we think, chiefly concerned lest the President should fail to take competent advice. Thus the bankers feel that because of the President's desire to keep his Administration free from any Wall Street alliance, he fails to realize the value of their expert advice on the currency bill, and mistakenly feels that they are hostile to him and all his plans. So in other fields the anxiety is not lest he should act as party leader mapping out a programme, but, in the rush of the exhausting business of the White House, lest he should hear but one side of a problem. There is a tradition, too, that he failed to take counsel sufficiently at Princeton. On the other hand, it must be remembered that no President has consulted more freely with Senators and Congressmen than has Mr. Wilson, notably on the Mexican question.

In Massachusetts the speeches of the gubernatorial candidates have called attention to a situation that has its parallel in New Jersey, and that throws an interesting light on the workings of the direct primaries in those States. It is what the Boston and Springfield press calls "the platform anarchy," and the New Jersey papers "the platform tangle." Each candidate ran for party nomination this summer on his own platform. When the conventions met after the primaries, the platforms they laid down differed widely, in some cases, from those upon which the nominees had stood. The differences were perceptible in the cases of Mr. Fielder and Mr. Stokes, of New Jersey, but it is Congressman Gardner, of Massachusetts, who has taken the most decisive stand. He repudiates the Republican platform because it omits the four measures which he advocated, and he has given notice that he will not speak at party rallies unless he is permitted to defend them. Logically, exception can easily be taken to his attitude. So many Republicans may have been swayed by his personality, or by a portion of his political creed, that he can scarcely claim in his nomination an unqualified endorsement of his whole platform. The provision of the Massachusetts and New Jersey laws, moreover, that when a party chooses its nominee it chooses also delegates who shall express its political faith, recognizes a party solidarity which Mr. Gardner's emphasis of his personal views opposes.

Cocaine was so clearly the cause of a recent "race riot" at Harriston, Miss., as to lead to some frank editorial utterances in regard to it. Thus the Columbia, S. C., *State* wonders why the "consistent and thoughtful (!) lyncher" does not in such a case think of lynching also the person who sold the drug to the cocaine-crazed negro boys who killed the seven citizens of Harriston. The Memphis *Commercial-Appeal* also admits that the law against the sale of cocaine is a dead-letter; that its violation is "one of the greatest curses of the Southland," and that it often is responsible for a "frenzied lunacy." It quotes a physician as declaring that there is enough cocaine sold in Memphis every day "to supply the legitimate use of physicians and surgeons for five years." The Mobile *Register* declares that the sale of cocaine to negroes is a crime against society as well as against the law. Unfortunately, the constant convictions in this city for the illegal sale of cocaine, show clearly that the evil is not confined to the South or to one race. The whole question of the stopping of this traffic is of the utmost moment everywhere, for of late it has been gaining ground with startling rapidity.

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The Indian problem, in the opinion of those interested, is presenting phases that make it more critical than ever before. "In the trail of graft," says a bulletin announcing the annual Lake Mohonk Conference, "has gone poverty, and with poverty has gone an increase in disease until the Indian possessed of the land rightfully his and unaffected with either tuberculosis or trachoma is, indeed, a fortunate individual." Wholesale defrauding of the Indians in Oklahoma is to claim the attention of the Conference. During the last two years, the growing prominence of that State has brought to notice gigantic frauds that have been and still are perpetrated upon great numbers of Indian children and adults. Probate matters are invaded by the greedy white man, who influences the appointment of guardians, and in hundreds of cases leaves unsuspecting children to arrive at maturity with little or none of the land and money that should have been theirs. Much of the process is disguised under the color of law. Local sentiment, in Oklahoma as in other places, inclines towards the defrauder.

The infinite variety of forms under which "graft" may appear has received fresh illustration at Dayton, O., where the State Accounting Bureau has been making an investigation. Nearly a hundred dollars, it discovers, was paid by the city for Sunday newspapers, which were enjoyed by the Mayor, the Solicitor, the members of the Election Board, and other officials. It seems strange that public officers should grudge a few nickels for so well-recognized an instrument of instruction and culture as the Sunday newspaper, but satisfaction is not necessarily proportioned to expenditure. As Dayton's rulers waded through section after section of the bundles of printed matter which the newsboys left at their doors on Sunday morning, while their rooms gradually became a disordered sea of literature, they must have felt themselves to be grafters of the first order. "All these comic pictures, all these colored supplements," they must have whispered to themselves, "for the asking!" After that, over-charges for medical services, seventy dollars for a couple of gold badges, and retention of fees that belonged to the city, probably seemed moderation itself.

The reprinting of Senator Tillman's cow cartoon in the *Congressional Record* reminds us how much the world has lost by the conservatism of Government printing offices. What the Senator from South Carolina said eighteen years ago about Wall Street and the Supreme Court may have become dim in the public mind, but a glance at the cow, feeding on the farms of the South and West, but giving her golden milk to the East, should be enough to arouse a free people to its duty. What a pity it was that the prosecutors of Warren Hastings did not have the ingenuity to publish the drawing of a cow, feeding on the principalities of India, and pouring all of the milk into Hastings's desk in Calcutta. Or if Sir Robert Peel, instead of listening to Disraeli's excoriation, had sent for a cartoonist, and when his foe had finished, had quietly asked the House of Commons for leave to print in Hansard the drawing which he held in his hand—would not Dizzy's fate have been sealed then and there?

Not even the tragedy of the Titanic surpassed in dramatic quality the end of the Volturno. At least, there was never before on the ocean such a scene as that of Thursday night—a great steamer burning helplessly in a gale, which prevented the safe launching of lifeboats, with ten or eleven ocean liners rolling in the high seas near by in the hope that the gale might abate in time to save some of the hundreds of lives menaced by the waves and by fire. There was no hanging back this time by possible rescuers, and a Cunarder was again in the lead in bringing aid and comfort. Evidently, the Carmania was handled with rare skill, and for all the ships, the night spent in such close proximity in so great a gale must have been one to try the souls of those who stood on the bridges. Finally, about the happiest man in the world to-day should be Marconi. To make a wonderful, epoch-creating scientific discovery is one thing; to behold it put into practical operation is another; but to live to see the almost weekly saving of lives by it, with the totals running into the thousands—that must make a man feel singularly favored of fortune.

Like undergraduate, like people. The senior class of Cornell has voted upon the question of serving liquors at its class functions, and the result is a drawn battle between the "wets" and the "drys." Liquors will be permitted on the boat ride and on "senior nights," but not at the banquet or any other affairs except the two named. Could there be a more faithful reflection of the action of the parents and friends of these students? One year ten Massachusetts towns go "wet." The next, six of them go "dry." The third, four of these six go "wet" again. Tennessee passes a State prohibition law, and then its Governor has a fight to get supplementary legislation that will make the law enforceable. Maine, too, after decades of ostensible prohibition, with the word written in her Constitution, is so evenly divided in an election on the subject that it requires days to ascertain what she thinks about it now.

Fewer and better books—who would not say yes to this innovation? And when this proposal comes from a publisher, as it recently has come, and not merely from a critic or philosopher, our hearts beat high with hope. Moreover, there is tact in the initial step suggested. Parents are to be appealed to, not on their own account, but on that of their children. This should take well. No one wishes to be restricted in his own reading, but every one is unselfish enough to be willing to prescribe for others. And children are peculiarly susceptible to such prescription. Their elders are generally agreed that trash is not for immature minds. Youth is the time for association with Plato and Burke and Voltaire. When one becomes a man, one seeks out Hall Caine and Mrs. Barclay and Robert W. Chambers. Yet a cautious move is to be made in the direction of influencing the mature. Book exhibits are planned, showing the best books that have appeared during the preceding twelvemonth. But who is to decide what are the best books, and upon what principles is the choice to be made? As to this we are not informed, but surely there can be nothing better than a best-seller. To say anything else, every publisher will assure us, is to question the intelligence of the reading public.

Another terrible blow for the hard-headed expert—this time in Mexico.

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Those practical, well-informed, dispassionate "observers" of Mexican conditions, who criticised President Wilson's policy towards Huerta as one of childish sentimentality and mistaken ethics, in antagonism with the "facts," are now under the necessity of admitting the painfully insubstantial nature of their "facts." Repeatedly we have protested in these columns against the superstition which confounds brutality with efficiency. Because a successful dictator, like Porfirio Diaz, must be ruthless in his policies, people embrace the converse of the proposition and assume that crime and violence are the proofs of efficient despotism. Because Huerta attained power through a succession of acts of revolting perfidy and outrage, very respectable people jumped at the conclusion that Huerta must be the heaven-sent man for Mexico. It would have been sentimental to look beneath the surface of things, to try to ascertain whether the democratic uprising that drove Diaz from power had really spent itself, or whether Madero's death did not altogether extinguish the spirit of resistance to despotism. But President Wilson did look beneath the surface. A pleasant time we should be having to-day with Huerta enjoying our official approval, playing the dictator, and, in spite of it, nearing his downfall.

The defeat of a Liberal candidate in a Quebec bye-election last Saturday has naturally been taken as a victory by Canadian protectionists; but the renewed energy it has given to the Laurier campaign for lower tariff rates is worthy of the attention of Americans. The reduction of the tariff which the Liberals advocate would directly affect the price of foodstuffs across the border. Especial emphasis is laid upon the necessity for the removal of the present duty upon wheat and flour; and if these are once placed on the Canadian free list, they can enter the United States free. It is upon the growing desire of the western provinces for free admission of their products into the United States that Sir Wilfrid Laurier rests his confidence, as he faces the coming struggle. An issue of great interest for the United States, therefore, promises to be clearly fought out in the next few months. How important it may become is indicated in Sir Wilfrid's assertion that in time it will lead to a resubmission of the reciprocity question.

No plainer intimation that the Asquith Government is willing to listen to reason on Home Rule could be given than in the words employed at Dundee by Winston Churchill. The declaration began, as a matter of fact, with a reaffirmation of the Government's resolve to enact a Home Rule bill establishing a separate Parliament and Executive for Ireland. But any changes within that scheme which Ulster might demand the Government is willing to consider. Whether it is prepared to go so far as to discuss the exclusion of Ulster from the operation of the bill, Mr. Churchill naturally did not say; this would be giving the Liberal case away at the beginning. What he did hint at was that time would allay the fears of the Ulster men regarding the attitude of a Dublin Parliament towards the Protestants of the North. Mr. Churchill pointed out that the Irish Parliament cannot begin functioning yet for two years. Before that happens there will be a general election in the United Kingdom. If the Liberals are beaten, their opponents can repeal Home Rule if they like. If the Liberals win, Ulster must be prepared to yield. But with two years to talk reason in, why all the fulminating about armed resistance?

The report that the British Miners' Federation has urged its leaders to "approach the executives of other large trade unions with a view to coöperative action in support of each other's demands" follows on the proposal among employers for a Defence Union, with a guarantee fund of $250,000,000. This, however, came to little. Yet the plan to amalgamate unions may be partly intended as a response to the scheme of the employers. British railway workers of all grades have combined in one body, as have British post office employees. The recent Dublin transport workers' strike is illustrative of the ill feeling generated when a local dispute involves outer zones of federated laborers or employers. The logical results of this extension of coöperative action, on either side, have often been pointed out. The purpose of the strike, the settlement of a definitely drawn issue, is lost sight of. Good and bad employees suffer alike, though none suffer so much as the unoffending public. It is in the partial, not the general strike, in the words of the *Edinburgh Review*, that "the public continues to be served, while the recalcitrant employer sees his business diverted to his rival."

Prince Katsura, who died on Friday of last week, will be mourned by most of his countrymen with conflicting emotions. To the Conservative Cabinet which he headed belongs the credit of the Russian war, and of Japan's greatest diplomatic victory—the treaty with England in 1902 and its renewal in 1905. Distinguished by patriotism and ability, Katsura's career in that period links him with the generals and sea captains who brought Japan into the front rank of the Powers. But the submergence of his party in the rising wave of Constitutionalism, and the revolt against military burdens, showed that his methods had become obsolete. The mass meetings and riots of recent days defeated the attempt to restore him to power, and left no doubt as to the popular attitude towards his principles.

Within the space of a few days, China has seen one troubling question after another disposed of, and the way made clear for an epoch of national appeasement and reconstruction. A President of the Republic has been chosen in the person of Yuan Shi-Kai, whose election was foreseen, but against whom a strong feeling of opposition nevertheless manifested itself. That is one uncertainty removed. The new President signalizes the beginning of his term with the suppression of a formidable uprising in the south; so that in the country at large, as in Parliament, he will henceforth work with a free hand. The Japanese crisis has been surmounted. Finally, the ghost of the famous six-Power loan has been laid, and the reorganization of China's finances can be taken up, perhaps under no very bright auspices, but freed at least from this particularly subtle bit of international wire-pulling which has for years confused the entire situation. Having thus vindicated its authority against domestic sedition, and foreign intrigue and intimidation, the Government of Yuan Shi-Kai bids fair to enjoy something of a respite in which to show just what it can do.

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WILSON AND THE PHILIPPINES.

Governor-General Harrison's address on assuming office at Manila has, so far as we have observed, met with little censure on the score of its being in any way revolutionary. On the contrary, a number of newspapers that are upholders of the Republican party's policy and record in relation to the Philippines have found fault with that declaration of the present Administration's attitude on quite the opposite ground. After all the fuss the Democrats made over imperialism, they say, when the party was out of power, all that the emissary of a Democratic President can do, when he makes a solemn announcement of the Administration's position, is just to repeat what Republican Presidents and their representatives have been saying these many years past. "Ultimate independence" is what President McKinley—after his first unfortunate break about "benevolent assimilation"—and President Roosevelt and President Taft have all been pointing towards; and "ultimate independence" is all that Mr. Harrison promises in the name of President Wilson. It is true that he lays stress on the element of time; but, after all, an end towards which "we hope to move," and that not at a specified rate but "as rapidly as the safety and the permanent interests of the islands will permit," is an end the realization of which can be put off to the Greek Kalends if we choose. So that, if there were nothing in the matter but these words spoken by Mr. Harrison on behalf of the President, those critics would not be far wrong who pooh-pooh the Governor-General's announcement as little more than empty sound.

Some voices, however, have been raised in angry denunciation of that same announcement as an assumption of unconstitutional power. The *Tribune* of New York came out with an editorial under the head, "By What Authority Could our Sovereignty of the Philippines be Renounced?" The Governor-General, it declared, "stands self-convicted of one of two things. Either he seeks to arrogate to himself or to the President authority which is vested exclusively in Congress, or he is making promises to the Filipinos which he knows he has no right to make and which he knows neither he nor the President has any power to fulfil."

The Chicago *Inter Ocean* takes an even more tragical view of the matter. "All thinking Americans," it says, "must necessarily inquire by what authority Woodrow Wilson, the 42 per cent. plurality President, thus assumes to dispose of thousands of square miles of the national domain—of lands which the American people have added to their dominions with the expenditure of their treasure and with the blood of their sons!" And even this does not suffice. The crime which the President has prospectively committed is not only an alienation of blood-bought dominions; it is to be classed with disruption of the Union itself:

> Fifty years ago we were fighting the greatest war in history to prevent a portion of our national dominions from becoming "independent" of the rest. We spent billions of money and sacrificed a million lives to stop "secession"—to stop exactly what Woodrow Wilson, through his appointee, now promises to foster in the Philippines.

When a position is assailed by opponents who look at it from the same point of view, and yet find fault for diametrically opposite reasons, there is fair ground for suspecting that there is something wrong about both criticisms. What that is in this case there is no great difficulty in pointing out. Those who complain that the promise of "ultimate independence" at some unnamed time in the future is only what Republican Administrations have been holding out, overlook the fact that in such a matter the spirit behind the promise is everything. All the world knows that Mr. Wilson and the Democratic party really wish to promote in every possible way the fulfilment of that promise, while the world knew nothing of the kind, and believed nothing of the kind, in regard to the Republican Administrations. On the other hand, those who talk of Gov. Harrison's address as meaning either cession or secession overlook the fact that the greatest care was taken to prevent the announcement from being capable of any such interpretation. Not to speak of the guarded language we have already quoted, there was more than one expression in what Mr. Harrison personally added to the words of his instructions that served to emphasize the tentative character of the Administration's programme. "I remind you," he said, "that we are for the present responsible before the world for your welfare and progress. Until your independence is complete we shall demand unremitting recognition of our sovereignty." The whole address was as distinctly marked by caution and conservatism as by a sincere and energetic purpose to move towards Philippine independence.

The truth is that, while the Wilson-Harrison announcement marks out no new path, it does constitute a notable landmark upon the path we have been pursuing, with more or less steadiness, these fifteen years. A backward glance over that journey furnishes matter for much gratification. The attitude that was dominant in the earliest days of our venture into imperialism has almost wholly disappeared. Such a view as that expressed by the *Inter Ocean* is to-day interesting only as a curiosity. The little band of aggressive anti-imperialists have been the subject of much ridicule; but their doctrine, though it did not prevail, has profoundly influenced the national temper. Little by little, the idea of "dominion," however qualified by benevolent purpose, has faded out, and the benevolent purpose alone has remained as the avowed object of the nation. "Benevolent assimilation" very soon took its place as a notion odious to the American people, a phrase to be forgotten as completely as possible. The principles of the Declaration of Independence, lightly flouted in the first flush of conquest, gradually resumed their rightful place in the thought of the nation. The idea that the flag must "stay put" in the Philippines as a matter of national honor has given way to the conviction that the highest honor the nation can acquire there is that of having vindicated its good name by relinquishment of our dominion when its professed purpose had been accomplished. It may be said, almost literally, that every year since 1899 has seen an advance along this path.

BLOOD ACCUSATION.

The trial at Kiev, the ancient religious capital of Russia, of the Jewish workingman, Mendel Beiliss, on the charge of murdering a young Christian boy in connection with the celebration of the Jewish Passover, bids fair to run the same course as the most famous blood-ritual trial of modern times, that of Tisza-Eszlar in Hungary thirty-one years ago. Except in one important feature. At Tisza-Eszlar the court was in

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session for six weeks before the monstrous conspiracy was exposed with such dramatic completeness that the public prosecutor was compelled to withdraw from the case. At Kiev the trial is hardly under way, and already its collapse is regarded as imminent, notwithstanding the furious onslaught on the judicial authorities by the leading anti-Semitic organ of that city. In that extraordinary document there is no attempt to mince words. The authorities are excoriated for their failure in the conduct of what turns out to be, not the trial of an individual for murder, but a campaign having for its object the fixing of a hideous charge upon the Jewish people, with immediate results in the shape of *pogrom* and massacre, and permanent results in the continuation and strengthening of the policy of inhuman oppression under which the Jews labor to-day in "constitutional" Russia.

The methods of judicial procedure that obtain on the Continent generally were favorable to the designs of the "Black Hundred." The elaborate magistrate's examination is in reality a trial before the real trial, at least so far as the public is concerned. It was during such preliminary proceedings, when the accused enjoys few of the guarantees of justice which even the Russian Government accords to the defendant in open court, that the fomenters of race-hatred had their opportunity. Their evil accusations were cast abroad without being subjected to the test of cross-examination. It was before the actual trial occurred that the anti-Semitic leaders expected to reap the first fruits of their campaign. If the passions of the Russian mob could not be stirred before the convening of the court, there was small chance that the desired result would be attained when the taking and testing of testimony began and the fabric of vicious falsehood was exposed. For more than two years Mendel Beiliss has been in prison awaiting trial. If no anti-Jewish uprising occurred in that time, the "Black Hundred" was bound to recognize that the game was up.

The indictment as presented in open court at Kiev makes interesting reading; especially to lawyers, we imagine. Instead of trying to show that there had been a murder, that the accused Beiliss was the murderer, and that his motives were religious, the document sets out to demonstrate the existence of a blood ritual among the Jews. In support of its contention it can rally the authority of a professor of mental pathology at Kiev University and a Catholic priest. The indictment admits that two other experts to whom the question was referred declared against the existence of such a ritual. So weak is the Government's own case by confession, it can hardly be necessary to enter here into a detailed résumé of the overwhelming mass of testimony that has been gathered in the course of centuries to disprove the existence of any basis for this accusation. Christian scholars and ecclesiastics have been at pains to refute this slander against a whole people. The two most convincing presentations of the subject are by a German Catholic priest, F. Frank, who published "Der Ritualmord" some ten years ago, and by a Lutheran clergyman and scholar, Herman L. Strack, professor of theology at Berlin University. The latter enumerates a long list of Papal bulls, from Innocent IV in the thirteenth century to Clement XIII in the eighteenth century, denouncing the blood accusation against the Jews as false and malicious. But, unfortunately, such appeals to reason are addressed to men of enlightenment and education who are in no need of being convinced. The Russian peasant to-day, like the Hungarian peasant of thirty years ago, does not come into touch with the writings of Berlin professors.

And so in Russia to-day the procedure of the accusers is the same as in Hungary thirty years ago. The case has its rise in political and racial animosity. It aims to rouse the passions of the crowd; and when it is forced to run the gantlet of judicial examination, it collapses. At Tisza-Eszlar the principal witness for the prosecution was the fourteen-year-old son of one of the defendants. He was frightened into submission and coached for his rôle by the police. His cross-examination brought out the truth. At Kiev the principal witness for the prosecution is a little girl of nine, who pretends to have received her information of the crime from her sister and her brother, both of whom have been dead these two years. The brother was seven at the time of the alleged murder. No wonder that the leaders of the True Russians are furious with the Prosecuting Attorney, or that in exalted quarters at St. Petersburg, where interest in the case has been displayed, it has been recognized for some time that the accusation of ritual murder ought to be dropped and an attempt made to convict Beiliss as an ordinary assassin.

The disappointment of the leaders of the "Black Hundred" with the showing made by the judicial and police authorities at Kiev must be all the more poignant because in that city, if anywhere in Russia, the police might be expected to prove itself efficient. A little more than two years ago Prime Minister Stolypin was assassinated at Kiev in the presence of the Czar. The part played by the police authorities on that occasion has remained one of those subjects which in Russia are investigated and allowed to disappear from public notice. After the removal of a Prime Minister, the manufacture of a ritual murder case ought to have been a simple task. The editor of the anti-Semitic *Kievlianin* is justified in charging gross incompetence.

THE BILLBOARD PLAGUE.

A report of first-rate importance is that made by the Billboard Advertising Commission of New York appointed by Mayor Gaynor last December. It is the result of painstaking inquiry and of competent thought. It gives a vivid idea of the nature and extent of the evils which this city (and others scarcely less) suffers through the extravagant and unprecedented growth of advertising out of doors in many offensive forms, it points out what may be done under existing laws to prohibit the most obnoxious of these nuisances, it recommends measures for regulating what is not prohibited, and it does not hesitate to urge the adoption of a Constitutional amendment giving the public authorities powers of control in this domain the possession of which, under existing judicial interpretations, is either non-existent or doubtful. And in our judgment, neither this proposal, nor the view taken by the Commission of the high public importance of the whole matter, goes a whit beyond what the facts warrant.

It ought to require no circumstantial report to bring home to us the fact that the disfigurement of our cities by enormous advertising signs of all sorts has gone to an intolerable length. The sta-

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tistical and other data concerning the matter which the Commission gives, we cannot attempt to reproduce; but there is one aspect of this defacement of the city which the present report brings out in a way that is particularly impressive. We refer to the injury done to those places in whose beauty—not to say in whose decent appearance—the people of the city have a peculiar interest. The recommendation placed first in the list of seventeen made by the Commission is as follows:

> We recommend the prohibition of all outdoor advertising structures (but not shop signs, advertisements in vehicles, and the like) on or in the immediate neighborhood of parks, squares, public buildings, boulevards and streets of exceptional character, and in other places of special beauty or sentiment, as wholly incongruous with and detrimental to the locality. This is to include the case where an advertising structure obstructs a fine view.
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> As a means to that end, we recommend a constitutional amendment, covering broadly the whole question of æsthetics as a legitimate basis for regulation by statute or ordinance. Meanwhile every billboard on any city park should instantly be removed by the Park Commissioner having jurisdiction.

By photographic illustrations, as well as by the printed word, the hideous defacement of the borders of New York's beautiful parks at scores of conspicuous points is brought home. The picture showing Riverside Drive and One Hundred and Nineteenth Street, with Grant's Tomb in the near distance, is particularly striking and particularly shocking. Another presents the rear of an enormous advertising sign on Riverside Drive, with the litter and rubbish accumulated behind it. The way in which the borders of Central Park and of Prospect Park are disfigured is likewise exhibited. And one picture shows how into the superb view of the Hudson along the big viaduct there is thrust a gigantic advertising structure which the eye cannot escape and which goes far to nullify the benefit of that great and expensive structure as an element in the city's beauty.

But this is only one aspect of the matter. The business of out-of-doors advertising has, as the Commission says, "grown with startling rapidity to enormous proportions; and, aided by electrical and mechanical discoveries and inventions, has assumed not only an astonishing variety of form, but has also become independent of sunlight, so that the wayfarer or citizen cannot escape their importuning by day or by night." Wherever these devices may be actually placed, their use is in essence a use of the public streets. They are addressed to the wayfaring public, and the community cannot protect itself against any discomfort or injury which they may cause, whether to individual persons directly or to the public as a body through its interest in the attractiveness or agreeablenes of the public streets, except by means of legal regulation of the privilege. A privilege it is, in its inherent nature; it is not a private use of private property, but a private use of a public opportunity. Only the comparative novelty of the matter as a thing of great public importance accounts for regarding the assailing of the public eye with glaring signs to promote your private interest as a right, when the assailing of the public ear with loud noises for the same purpose is universally classed as a nuisance.

Many of the recommendations made by the Commission are specific in their nature, and such as require no change either of the Constitution or of the laws of the State. Among these are "the prohibition of large or flashing electric signs in or near residential districts as interruptions to rest or repose," this to be accomplished by the Board of Health through an amendment to the Sanitary Code; "the prohibition of roof-signs in residential districts, and their prohibition elsewhere except on fireproof buildings," by amendment of the Building Code; a limitation of size, applying to all advertisements and advertising structures out of doors; and, last but not least, the imposition of a graded excise tax on such advertisements. In these and other matters the Commission, in addition to a careful discussion of the subject, presents exact forms for the proposed measures. Let us hope that this report will mark the beginning of a radical advance in our dealings with an evil that is at once very serious and distinctly remediable.

THE HOOSIER POET.

James Whitcomb Riley is not in the case of the traditional prophet. The Hoosier is emphatically a man honored in his own country. Twenty-five hundred Indianapolis school-children paid him the tribute of a parade on the occasion of his birthday last week. His publishers have announced a complete edition of his poems. The report that he has "made a million dollars" out of his verse was denied, a year or two ago, but there can be no doubt that he is one of the very few men now alive who have made a good living out of poetry. Indiana lets no opportunity pass of celebrating this citizen, and the entire Middle West is familiar with his poems, a compliment paid to no one else since Eugene Field. At many a hearthstone, the approach of Christmas is welcomed more heartily because the holidays will bring with them new rhymes, and new editions of old rhymes, by Riley. No Indiana school-exhibition day is complete without the recitation of one or more of his poems, and certain of his lines and phrases are part of the Hoosier vernacular.

Now, we are accustomed to learning of some obscure novelist whose works, unknown to the public library and even to the popular lecturer on current tendencies in fiction, sell by the million. We know, too, of versifiers with a national reputation for doing a certain kind of thing gracefully or effectively. Frank L. Stanton's lyrics may not be great poetry, yet they are widely read by intelligent persons. But publishers do not busy themselves getting out complete editions of the works of such novelists or poets. They do not issue the same novels or collections of verse over and over in various editions, so that you can buy a light volume to carry in your hand or a whole set to put upon your shelves. And it surely will not be contended that Riley's verses are of the texture of those of a Eugene Field, for example, not to say a William Vaughn Moody. Then what are the chords they strike that they should be cherished in a multitude of households? One answer is to be found in their tremendous popularity in their native place. Your Hoosier, when he is waxed fat, when his bank account and limousine give assurance of a comfort and a luxury to which his boyhood was a stranger, does not forget those old, but happy, far-off days.

> Pap's got his patent-right, and rich as all creation;
> But where's the peace and comfort that we all had before?
> Le's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby's Station—
> Back where we ust to be so happy and so pore!

Not, be it understood, that he would go

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back there if he could. But Riley sings of that longing for the simple life which we all deceive ourselves occasionally into thinking that we feel.

In producing this effect, his employment of dialect is an important factor. It may weary the cultivated ear, but it is music to those who would have scorned anything better when they were alternating going to school with "playing hookey."

Up and down old Brandywine,
In the days 'at's past and gone—
With a dad-burn hook-and-line
And a saplin'-pole—I swawn!
I've had more fun, to the square
Inch, than ever *any*where!
Heaven to come can't discount *mine*
Up and down old Brandywine!

He does not hesitate to put the old times above the present:

I' b'en a-kindo *"musin',"* as the feller says, and I'm
'Bout o' the conclusion that they hain't no better time,
When you come to cipher on it, than the times we ust to know
When we swore our first *"dog-gone-it"* sorto' solum-like and low.

In addition, he touches the gentler vices with a kind of glory:

Tell you what I like the best—
'Long about knee-deep in June,
'Bout the time strawberries melts
On the vine—some afternoon
Like to jes' git out and rest
And not work at nothin' else!
. . . . . .
March ain't never nothin' new!—
Aprile's altogether too
Brash fer me! and May—I jes'
'Bominate its promises,—
Little hints of sunshine and
Green around the timber-land—
A few blossoms, and a few
Chip-birds, and a sprout er two—
Drap asleep, and it turns in
'Fore daylight and *snows* ag'in!
But when *June* comes—Clear my th'oat
With wild honey!—Rench my hair
In the dew! and hold my coat!
Whoop out loud and th'o my hat!—
June wants me, and I'm to spare!
Spread them shadders anywhere,
I'll git down and waller there,
And obleeged to you at that!

An important part of Riley's popularity is due to his verse for children, thousands of whom have had delicious shudders at some elder's repetition of the uncanny tale that ends with the warning: "An' the gobble-uns 'll git *you*, if you don't watch out!" Ephemeral as most of this is, verse for which children care is so infrequent that any new examples are sure of a welcome. Riley's limitations are too evident to need stating. There is, it must be confessed, not much depth of earth beneath his poetic flowers. Yet for a large number of people in various sections of this country, the coming of autumn suggests nothing so much as the time

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

ALL COTTON MATHER'S FAULT.

In a great many affairs that go wrong to-day the social-minded detectives do not say, *Cherchez la femme;* they say, *Look for the Puritan ancestor.* That dour figure in sugar-loaf hat and buff jerkin and breeches, striding on his way to meeting-house with his flintlock and his Bible, is responsible for an extraordinary number of things that now afflict us. He stands in the way of a minimum wage, of Sunday base-ball, of the uplifting of the stage, of the speedy solution of the white-slave problem, the divorce problem, the saloon problem, the eugenics problem, the 1 A. M.-lobster-palace problem, and a good many other problems which the theatrical managers on Broadway and elsewhere are aching to solve, but are not allowed to solve.

The Cavaliers despised the Puritan ancestor because he spoke through his nose. But that was a minor fault. The real sin is that he refused to speak at all. He is the original patentee of the conspiracy of silence to which all our ills are due, as contrasted with the happy nations of the Continent where there is no conspiracy of silence on all these fascinating topics, and consequently these problems do not exist. The Puritan exalted salvation at the expense of conversation, thus failing to perceive that the latter is the indispensable condition for the former. If he had not been so afraid of calling a spade a spade, we should now have a flourishing literature and drama and art, and we should have done away with the social evil, even as conversational peoples like the French and the Germans have done away with it.

Considering that the truth alone can be the basis of true progress and civilization, it is astonishing how many things that whining, hypocritical Puritan ancestor accomplished in his day. In his original home in England he had not been going many years before he cut off the head of a king, sent another king packing about his business, and in other ways pursued a policy of "direct action" that should appeal enormously to W. D. Haywood. Crossing the Atlantic, he helped to lay the foundations of an empire. For a man who hated to call a spade a spade, it is remarkable how well he could use that familiar agricultural implement. He used it to dig up the ungrateful soil of a rock-bound, frost-bitten commonwealth. Later he shouldered his spade, and, still speaking through his nose but for the most part faithful to his conspiracy of silence, he dug up the more grateful soil of the Mississippi Valley and the Western prairies and the Pacific river valleys, with occasional deviations to the pick-axe when he struck the ore-bearing lands of Colorado and the Sierras. He did not lose the early habit of carrying his flintlock into the field. He used it in Kansas, and five years later he was carrying it over a thousand miles of battlefield. In his own hypocritical way, he called it a fight for free institutions against slavery. When the war was over, he went back to farming and railway-building, persistent in his church-going habits and the traditional conspiracy of silence.

We are forced to the conclusion that the Puritan ancestor fared better than he deserved and builded better than he knew. Else how can we explain the surprising fact that, in spite of his aversion to discussing sex-phenomena and sex-rights, he created a form of society in which woman attained a prestige, a freedom of action, and a scope of opportunity such as she had not known in previous ages? Let others explain how the Puritan ancestor, laboring under the handicap of atrophied conversational powers, ignorant of the works of Ellen Key and Olive Schreiner, succeeded in working out a theory that it is man's function to labor and provide, and woman's function to expand and enjoy. The task is too difficult for the present writer. Nor can he explain this other startling fact, that without any knowledge that this is the century of the Child, without explicit recognition of the sacred duty he owed to the future of the race as embodied in the Child, the Puritan ancestor, wherever he went, built his schoolhouse and his meeting house simultaneously; and after the schoolhouse he erected high schools, and after the high schools he created universities, and stinted himself in order that his children might go to these universities and might have more money to spend than was good for them.

From his English home the Puritan ancestor brought over the love of out-of-doors life. It is true that for many years he was inclined to look upon play as the proper occupation of Cavaliers and the invention of the devil. But the passion was bred in the Anglo-Saxon bone, and would out. After a while his young began to play as they used to do in Merrie England before the Reformation; and they have continued to play ever since—football, base-ball, and what not, on earth, in the water, and latterly in the air. This again has been detrimental to the development of an art of conversation. Somehow it has remained the habit for the Puritan ancestor's adolescent son to go out on a muddy field and tackle hard the son of another Puritan ancestor, rather than give his mind to the politics of the salon and the boudoir. Probably this is hypocrisy. We have it on the very best modern authority that the sole preoccupation of young manhood and young womanhood should be sex. Only, even if it be hypocrisy, one might argue that a hypocritical mask that has been worn for several hundred years tends to take on something of reality. However, here we are with a tongue-tied, hoydenish young generation that yields but slowly to the missionary efforts of the sex-obsessed. We are still enmeshed in a conspiracy of silence.

It must be that the Puritan ancestor is responsible for all this. For see how William Lloyd Garrison clung to the conspiracy of silence; and recall how Wendell Phillips used to speak through his nose.

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SAINT VENUS AND THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.

Many a reader of "The Canterbury Tales" has doubtless paused midway in that lively sketch of the Wife of Bath in the general Prologue (A 455-476) and asked: "Why does Chaucer make of the 'worthy woman' a pilgrim to many shrines and a far wanderer?" And the questioner has naturally found his answer in the Wife's words in her own Prologue (D 551-558), composed probably at the same time as the "character":

I hadde the bettre leyser for to pleye,
And for to see, and eek for to be seye
Of lusty folk; what wiste I wher my grace
Was shapen for to be or in what place?
Therefore I made my visitaciouns,
To vigilies and to processiouns,
To preaching eek and to thise pilgrimages,
To pleyes of miracles and mariages.

Now, entire satisfaction with this obvious explanation exists only because a certain mediæval superstition once widely prevalent seems to have faded utterly from view.

To any man of the Middle Ages with the least knowledge of astrology—and who lacked it then?—Venus was the reigning star of pilgrimages. "Sub ipso," writes of that planet Bartholomew the Englishman in his thirteenth-century encyclopædia, "De Proprietatibus Rerum" (VIII, 26), "continetur via et amor et amicitia et peregrinus." And the famous Elizabethan translation of this notable work, "Batman upon Bartholome" (1582), thus renders the complete passage, from which the Latin phrase is quoted:

In man's body he [the planet, Venus] disposeth to faireness, volupt and lyking, in touch and feeling, in smell and taast and in song; and therefore he maketh singers, lovers of musicke and makers of confections, of spicerie and spicers, goldsmithes and taylours to shape women's cloathing; as Misael sayth. And Ptolomeus sayeth that under Venus be these signes, Libra and Taurus and be his houses and hee reigneth in Piscibus, and in Virgine his kingdome faileth and passeth. Under him is contained *love, friendship and pilgrimages;* and he betokeneth winning, joye and blisse.

Roger Bacon, in his commentary on the "Secretum Secretorum," cited by Bridges in his edition of the "Opus Majus" (I, 403), notes that Venus, in conjunction with the Moon, is favorable to pilgrimages. More picturesque evidence is offered by the wonderful Florentine drawings of Baccio Baldini (or are they Botticelli's own?) illustrating the influences of the planets. Here Venus, accompanied by the blind archer, Cupid, sits in her dove-drawn car and dominates richly clothed lovers, dancers, players, feasters, and, in the middle distance, *mounted travellers.* Even as late as the time of Elizabeth, Christopher Heydon, worthy astrologer, notes that Venus, as significator of journeys, promises pleasure, profit, and safety.

Chaucer, who so many times in his poems ("The Compleynt of Mars," 173f.; "The Knight's Tale," A 1904f.; "The Wife of Bath's Prologue," D 697f.; "The Squire's Tale," F 272f.) displays a close acquaintance with the "influences" of Venus, was surely well aware of her domination of pilgrimages. Indeed, indirect evidence of his knowledge of this is at hand. In the very passage of his favorite work, "The Romance of the Rose" (13725f.), which inspired through Eustace Deschamps's "Miroir de Mariage" (so largely used by Chaucer, as Professor Lowes has shown) the lines quoted from the Wife's Prologue, we are explicitly told that "at visitations, marriages, processions, plays, and feasts the god of Love and the goddess keep school and sing mass to their disciples." Hence, because the Wife of Bath "hadde the prente of Seynt Venus seel" and is "al Venerien," it is inevitable from the point of view of mediæval author and reader that she should be a pilgrim. No wonder that Chaucer quotes with approval the old saw that deemed worthy of hanging the man who "suffreth his wyf to go seken halwes" (D 657)! Moreover, the "via," to which Bartholomew gives first place among the influences of the planet, sheds full light upon the line:

She coude muche of wandring by the weye.

This domination of pilgrimages by Venus has, however, a far wider significance for the student of "The Canterbury Tales" than the interpretation of a single trait of the Wife of Bath; for it immediately prompts the query whether the goddess is not sovereign over our English travellers throughout their four days' journey from the Tabard Inn to the cathedral city. This suggestion opens up many far-reaching vistas, which I shall follow later *à perte de vue*, footing more slowly than is now possible. But the main road lies clear before us. Is not Chaucer as truly "the disciple" and poet of Venus in "The Canterbury Tales" as in "The Legend of Good Women" and in "The House of Fame"? Are not these pilgrim stories as genuinely tales of love as the anecdotes of Gower under Venus's sway in the "Confessio Amantis"? Are not these many-hued productions welded together even more closely by a single *motif* of passionately human interest than by mere hints of time and place? Absorbed in the careful contemplation of single stories, students have hitherto failed to see Chaucer's wood for the trees. If it can be shown that one unfailing purpose runs throughout the collection, then it is clear that we must cease to regard these delightful narratives as isolated units, like the *novelle* of this or that Italian, but as integral parts of a splendid whole. The recent classification of a few of the later tales as a "marriage group" recognizes one element, but only one element, in Chaucer's generous scheme. In "The Legend of Good Women," by commission from Venus, the poet confines his treatment of love to the single theme of its martyrdom. In "The Canterbury Tales," still under the auspices of Venus (for is she not the planet of pilgrims?), he so enlarges his plan as to portray from many points of view this ruling passion—chivalric love, the love of churls, married love in its many phases, religious love with its mastery of the flesh. (By the way, it has been suggested that even "The House of Fame" was designed as the prologue of a series of love stories.)

Not only is Venus the patroness of all pilgrims, but she dominates the mid-April days of the Canterbury pilgrimage. At the time of the gathering at the Tabard the Sun had just passed through the Venus face (the last ten degrees) of the Ram and was now running in the Bull, the mansion of Venus herself—a season, "dedicated by reverent antiquity to the worship of the goddess," as Boccaccio tells us in his "Ameto," to which Chaucer was probably indebted. Boccaccio explicitly devoted these days of Venus to stories of love. Chaucer recognized no less fully all the erotic suggestiveness of the time, but the connection, so obvious to all mediæval readers, between the amorous season and the Love *motif* of the Tales must be conveyed implicitly for fear of subordinating too far the religious purpose of the pilgrims' journey.

Shall we deem it chance or deep design that in the first and longest of all the Canterbury stories, "The Knight's Tale," Venus is the *dea ex machina?* She is revealed to the lover in the radiant presence of Emily; on her "gerful" day, Friday, Palemon and Arcite meet in fight; her oratory and her attributes receive large space; in her high service the throng joust and dance; and through her intercession with Saturn, her knight is triumphant. In the strongest contrast to chivalric devotion—for, like our modern poet of "points of view," Browning, Chaucer delights in the clash of opposites—is the light-of-love spirit of such churls as the Miller and the Reeve. In their ribald stories, they reck little of chastity and marriage vows. But their indifference to the rights of husbands must be recorded by the poet, else he will "falsen" some of his matter by so large an omission. It is noteworthy that Chaucer declares his intent to present without gloss the churlish point of view immediately after the Miller introduces in his Prologue (A 3140-3165) the subject of wives. Incidentally, let us remark the external resemblance of the miller's wife in the "Reeve's Tale" to the Wife of Bath, whom Chaucer seems ever to have re-

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garded as the keystone of his narrative arch. The fragmentary tale of the Cook was evidently intended to move on the lowest levels of illicit love. "It is a bawdy planet that will strike where 'tis predominant."

In the "Man of Law's Prologue," which ushers in the Tales of the Second Day, the recognition of our *leitmotif* fully vindicates the relevancy of the long enumeration of Chaucer's stories of lovers, which has hitherto seemed to the reader so unnecessary and intrusive. The poet intimates that sketches of love's martyrs are essential to the roundness of his plan, but as these have already been adequately portrayed in his "Legend of Good Women," which he calls, in due accord with his conception of Saint Venus, "The Seintes Legende of Cupyde," he may well omit them now. Nor will he include in his scheme examples of incestuous passion, though such "unkinde abhominaciouns" naturally occur to any one developing all phases of love—as indeed to Gower in his "Confessio Amantis." The Man of Law's story is of no martyr, but of a stately wife and mother, who rises superior to suffering and temptation and achieves in the end the high reward of her strength and loyalty by a happy reunion with her kingly husband. The antitype of Constance appears in the unfaithful wife of the "Shipman's Tale, who succumbs readily to the wiles of the monk and is cheated by sordid circumstances into a compact with her cuckold. The juxtaposition of two such stories hardly seems fortuitous; and yet, as I shall show in another article, the tale of Constance, like its little Poverty Prologue, was primarily designed to illustrate Envy, and was inserted here, apparently, as an afterthought.

Despite the social training of the Prioress, and her brooch's amorous device traditionally associated with Venus as in Baldini's drawing and with earthly love as in Deschamps's ballad (yet possessing in Gower's frequent use a wider connotation), the religious lady's story of "the little clergeon" murdered by the Jews falls within the scope of Chaucer's general design only by its insistence upon the power of virginity—a dominant theme in the tales of the Physician and the Second Nun, and in the Wife's Prologue. Chaucer's "Tale of Sir Thopas" parodies the stock motives of conventional romance, the quest of elf-queens and lady's "love-drury," but his "Tale of Melibœus" makes amends for this flippancy by its grave exaltation of wifely counsels. It is significant that the discretion of Dame Prudence and her husband's full accord to her will which anticipates the chief *motif* of the Wife of Bath are immediately offset by the shrewishness of the Host's Wife (B 3081f.) and directly rebutted by the treachery of Sampson's "lemman Dalida" in the Monk's Tale (B 3181f.):

> Beth war by this ensample old and playn
> That no men tell hir conseil til hir wyves.

So in the "Nun's Priest's Tale" the counsels of women are derided by the Cock (B 4445f.), who, to his sorrow, takes his wife's advice. And yet the whole tenor of this merry debate has been ignored by commentators—here as elsewhere blind to Chaucer's larger purpose. How thoroughly the stuff he works in is subdued to the dyer's hand is seen in the subordination by the Nun's Priest of the fable of "Cock and Fox" to the mock-romantic theme of the uxoriousness of Chaunticleer, the servant of Venus, "goddesse of plesaunce," who is introduced here (B 4531f.) in lines on her day that recall the Knight's Tale (A 1534). Monk and Nun's Priest are brought into close accord with the prevailing scheme by the Host's description of them as men well fitted by nature to make Venus payments. But the Monk's somnolent "tragedies," devoid of love interest, receive, of course, unsparing condemnation for their heaviness; though the two *exempla* of Sampson and Hercules which illustrate the treachery of women are revived, under Deschamps's influence, in the Wife of Bath's Prologue.

The interpolation by the Chaucer Society of the Tales of the Physician and the Pardoner between the stories of the Nun's Priest and the Wife of Bath is opposed not only by the evidence of the manuscripts, but by the valuable though neglected testimony of our *motif*. As "Group C" these two narratives interrupt the progress of the spirited discussion of women's counsels and the wifely relation begun in the "Melibœus" and continued, as we have seen, through the Tales of the Monk and the Nun's Priest to the triumphant conclusions of the Wife. (Chaunticleer, with his many wives, is the proper precursor of that much-married lady.) But if the Physician's Tale is placed after the Franklin's (according to the Ellesmere or A-type tradition, favored here by Tyrwhitt and Skeat), we may then regard the Doctor's story of oppressed virginity courting death rather than disgrace, as directly inspired by the country gentleman's many illustrations of this pathetic theme (F 1364f.). Moreover, the "Pardoner's Tale" is closely bound to the Second Nun's by their common use of the *motif* of the Deadly Sins (he attacking Avarice and Gluttony and she Sloth), which pervades the later Tales of the collection and culminates in the Parson's sermon.

The "Physician's Tale" (Gower's story of Lechery) is of the foul wrong meditated against Virginia, the gem of chastity, by Appius Claudius, and of its tragic consequences. As Bartholomew the Englishman says, "In Virgine the kingdom of Venus faileth and passeth." The Pardoner's grim story is not of "the way of a man with a maid"; but the rascal, during his denunciation of Avarice and Gluttony, accepts the opportunity to utter his views of unlawful love. A hypocrite always, he decries loudly Lechery, the sin of which he himself is confessedly so often guilty; emphasizing, as the Physician has done just before him, and as the Wife of Bath and the Parson (whose Tale he freely plunders) do also, the close alliance between wine and Venus. Thus the poet advances from tale to tale, the main *motif* always in view.

It is a very significant circumstance—even though, like many other important elements in Chaucer's plan, it has hitherto escaped attention—that, after the proper disposition of the Physician's and the Pardoner's Tales, the Tale of the Wife of Bath falls in the exact centre of the collection, being the twelfth tale of twenty-four. The Wife of Bath is, indeed, the very keystone of the arch of "The Canterbury Tales." Not merely because she incarnates in her "Venerien" nature the ruling "influence" upon pilgrimages; nor because she bears an obvious likeness to the wives of the Miller's, Reeve's, and Shipman's Tales, in the last of which we seem to hear her voice, and sometimes vies in shrewishness with the Hostess of the Tabard; but because her Prologue and Tale epitomize all the opinions of her fellows upon the woman question. The idea of virginity, reverently presented by the Prioress and later illustrated by the Physician and the Second Nun, is here considered and disclaimed; the jealousy of husbands, a significant feature of the tales of Miller and Reeve, is now more vigorously exemplified; chivalric days and ways, so dear to the Knight and the Squire, form our background here; and the thesis of woman's sovereignty, suggested in the "Melibœus" (B 2900, 3060), and decried in the stories of Monk and Nun's Priest (which should immediately precede her own) is generously expanded and defended both in the Wife's Prologue (D 812f.) and everywhere in her Tale. Despite prevalent opinion, the Wife of Bath has, therefore, a very real connection with the tales that come before. The term "Marriage Group" has been of signal service in indicating the close relation in theme, treatment, manner of comment, and borrowings between the Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale and the stories of the Clerk, Merchant, and Franklin. This connection our best American scholarship has recently put so far beyond question that it demands no discussion now. Yet the limitation of "Marriage Group" to four tales has been most misleading, since such a denotation ignores utterly not only the large use of preceding motives by the Wife, the Merchant's indebtedness to the "Tale of Melibœus," the protracted debate on wifely counsels in Group B, but also the continuation of the marriage theme into the tales of the Sec-

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ond Nun, the Manciple, and the Parson. That the "Wife of Bath's Tale" illustrates Pride and is actually the first of a series of Deadly Sins stories will be demonstrated elsewhere.

Though the tales of the Friar and the Summoner are not stories of love, Chaucer indicates often, both directly and indirectly, their wantonness to women; and in the course of the "Summoner's Tale" (D 1992-2093) he skilfully combines a brief discussion of the woman question with the *motif* of Wrath. The "Squire's Tale" is a chivalric romance, with Venus reigning. Indeed, the episodical Canon's Yeoman is the only one among all the story-telling pilgrims whose point of view on the problem of the sexes is unrevealed. Yet even here, as is suggested to me by Professor Lowes, whose scholarly support has been my mainstay in the preparation of this article, the Yeoman can find no higher parallel to the priest's glad absorption in the "sorry craft" of alchemy than a knight's chivalric service for his lady (G 1341f.); and the good fellow's hint of the priest's relation to the wife (G 1012f.) shows that he, too, could tell "another story."

The Second Nun follows the prompting of her lady, the Prioress (indeed, almost word for word in one Dante-derived stanza), and the ample suggestion of the Franklin and the Physician in her apotheosis of virginity. Her glorification of Cecilia, the married celibate, is designedly antipodal to the Wife of Bath's hearty championship of octogamy. Here truly are the saints' lives, at which that worldly lady scoffed! It is the "pured wheat-seed" against barley bread—the ascetic ideal against delights of the flesh. The seemingly irrelevant stanzas on Idleness (Second Nun's Prologue) are explained by the deference to the theme of the Deadly Sins, which in these later Tales, as in Gower's "Confessio," mingles with the love theme.

The "Manciple's Tale," an *exemplum* of Wrath, is a return to the cuckold *motif* of the earlier stories, but the woman's sin is now a theme for censure rather than for ribald mirth, and the relation of man and wife is gravely discussed. The increasing severity of tone, further apparent in the Manciple's long tirade against Wrath (H 278f.), reaches its culmination in the Parson's lofty arraignment of the Seven Deadly Sins, with the chief stress upon Lechery, in the last of the Tales. "Avoutrie of wedded folk," injury to maidenhood, falseness to vows of celibacy—these and yet other phases of the deadly sin of "Luxury," so common in our Tales, are first castigated and then remedied. We are, therefore, quite prepared for Chaucer's full retractation of those of "The Canterbury Tales" that "sounen into sinne."

In following such an outline as this, it must always be remembered that "The Canterbury Tales" is only a fragment, comprising not a fourth of Chaucer's complete design. That the poet's revision and readjustment of his faultily massed and inadequately linked material would have brought the leading *motif* of love into an even stronger light, we can only conjecture. That the tales of the silent pilgrims would also have dealt with the woman question we have some reason to believe, since the poet's brief description of the five burgesses is not deemed by him complete, until he has devoted several lines to the delight of their wives in the title of "madame" and in precedence at church—a trait shared with the Wife of Bath. If Chaucer nowhere in his Prologue explicitly indicates his controlling idea, the pervading purpose of the poems must have become speedily clear to the mediæval reader trained to the presence of a dominant *motif* in story-frames by such a famous series of tales as "The Seven Sages," with its ruling themes of the perfidy of women and the unwisdom of counsellors, by the groups of pointed stories in the popular books of *exempla*, or in mammoth collections like the "Handlynge Synne," by the love "questions" and marriage-tales of Boccaccio's tapestries, the "Filocolo" and the "Ameto" (Tatlock), and finally by Chaucer's own "Legend" (to say nothing of recent claims for "The House of Fame"). Moreover, Chaucer's contemporaries could not have ignored, like us, the curious blending (as in Gower's "Confessio") of the *motif* of Love with that of the Seven Deadly Sins which I shall discuss in another place. In any case, they must have recognized the traditional domination of pilgrimages by Venus, and her "influence" upon the season of this very journey, and, forgetting Thomas à Becket for the nonce, must have reverently hailed the goddess as the patron saint of the Canterbury road.

FREDERICK TUPPER.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

If you asked one of your book-loving friends if he had a complete edition of "Guesses at Truth," he would probably reply by bringing forth with pardonable pride one of the excellent issues of Macmillans. Certainly this has all the appearance of completeness. There is the reproduction of the bust of the two brothers, there is the dedication to Wordsworth, there are the prefaces 1827 and 1838, and there is the memoir signed with the initials of Dean Plumptre, and there is the index compiled by Major Pears. And yet your friend holds within his hand the evidence which shows that he has not the whole of the "Guesses at Truth." If he looks at the advertisement to the 1848 edition, which forms the preface to what is styled the second series, he will read Julius Hare's account of his revision of the book. In the first place he will learn that more than three-fourths of the work is new. The revision was delayed about ten years, and the "second series only goes down to the end of the original first volume."

Julius Hare had been prevented by many seemingly more pressing duties from completing his task, but he says, "As soon as I can get my hands free, I hope God willing to publish a second edition of the original second volume." This he was never able to do. From this it appears that no one has the complete collection of "Guesses at Truth" unless he possess, in addition to any modern copy, the first edition dated 1827.

The revision was carried out in a drastic fashion, some articles were suppressed and others modified very extensively. The greater part of the first volume was the work of Augustus Hare, and the articles were not marked by any initial. Those of Julius were marked "U," a few by Francis are marked "R," and those of Marcus by "A." Those marked by "a" are from the pen of Maria Hare.

As the "Guesses" vary in length from seven or eight pages to an epigram of a single line, it is not easy to make really characteristic quotations, but a few of the shorter articles, omitted in all later issues, may be interesting:

Men who feed on nothing but meat, contract a gross habit of body. Men who think of nothing but money, contract a gross habit of mind; or usurers have been scandalously belied.

There is only one thing which people cannot endure to hear.

Falsehood?—O no, there is not much harm in that.

Flattery?—The sweetest thing in the world; only pray don't oversugar it.

Nonsense?—How could one get through one's time without it?

Reason?—I have nothing to say for it.

Life is the hyphen between matter and spirit.

None ever appropriated like the Romans. They incorporated into their empire not only provinces, but gods.

Who is fit to govern others?
He who governs himself.
You might as well have said: nobody.

Poor Richard! all his geese are swans.
Doubly poor Robert! all his swans are geese.

Que doit on faire dans ce bas monde?
On doit diner.
Et puis?
Badiner.

The life of the body is a perpetual metamorphosis; the life of the soul is a perpetual metempsychosis.

Writing to Bernard Barton on June 8, 1838, Edward FitzGerald, a shrewd, though too often a whimsical, critic, says:

"Guesses at Truth" I know very well; the two brothers are the Hares; one, Julius, a fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; the other author of some sermons which I think you had from me this winter. "The Guesses" are well worth reading, nay buying; very ingenious, with a good deal of pedantry and onesidedness (do you know this German word?), which, I believe, chiefly comes from the Trinity fellow Julius, who was a great pedant.

"Pedant" was not a happy description, though it may be confessed that the overflowing erudition of Julius was sometimes inconvenient both to author and to reader.

The "Guesses at Truth" have held their own and will long have a place reserved for them on the shelves of the real book-lover. It is curious to find Augustus in 1826 sketching out a plan of village pen-

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sions for agricultural laborers, and it argued some courage for him to ask, "Is there any country in which polygamy is more frequent than in England?" at a time when his sacred Majesty George IV was still adorning the throne of England.

Why should we not have a complete edition of the "Guesses"? The first place should be occupied by a full appreciation of the brothers Hare, of whom Julius was the most notable. In addition to Plumptre's "Memoir" and Stanley's article in the *Quarterly*, there are now a good many domestic details supplied by the "Memorials of a Quiet Life" of Augustus Julius Charles Hare, who thus sketches a vignette of his uncle:

> Every Sunday morning also my uncle never failed to come to Lime, that he might drive my mother to church, discussing his sermon or the many parish interests, as they slowly ascended the hill on which the church stands, seeing the familiar figures of the well-known country people, the men in their smock-frocks, climbing the steep path above the road, and receiving their affectionate greetings. In the hilltop position of his church, my uncle never ceased to rejoice.

Julius, as the translator of Schleiermacher, was equally remote from the Romanizing tendencies of his friend Manning as he was from the aridity and bigotry of the conventional evangelicals. He strove to breathe a new life into the Church of England. His articles in the *British Magazine*, including the vindication of Coleridge, were scholarly and timely. His ample power of exposition was remarkably displayed in a note to the "Mission of the Comforter," which grew and grew until it filled 200 pages, and was afterwards printed as a vindication of Luther. WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Correspondence

"AN ELASTIC CURRENCY."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: What has happened to the many sound-money men who in 1896 helped to consign Bryanism to the scrap-heap and are *now calling loudly for* "an elastic currency"? Have they seen a great light, or have they forgotten that currency is money (or, what is the same thing here, a substitute for money); that money is the standard of value, and that an elastic standard is a contradiction in terms—a vicious absurdity? Do they not know that the first essential of a standard of value is stability of value, and that stability and elasticity are mutually contradictory and can never co-exist in the same subject—that precisely to the extent that a currency is elastic it is unstable, and precisely to the extent that it is stable it is non-elastic? If they reply that what they desire is elasticity, not of value, but of volume, then do they not know that volume and value can never be dissociated; that the value of the constituent units of any commodity varies inversely with the volume, or supply, of that commodity; that, therefore, an elastic volume of currency means an elastic currency-dollar, which is the same thing in principle as an elastic yard-stick or an elastic bushel, for the use of which men are sent to jail?

Can they not see that in trying to procure a currency that will be at once elastic and stable they are seeking a manifest impossibility; that they might as well seek for a perpetual motion, a hot cold, or a wet *dry*? HERBERT L. BAKER.

Detroit, October 11.

[Money is a medium of exchange as well as a standard of value, and it is the first-named function exclusively which banknote issues are designed to perform. When such notes are made redeemable on demand in gold, and when their redemption, after the special requirements of exchange have been met, is insured by the provisions of their issue, gold is the standard of value as clearly as if there were no banknote circulation.—ED. NATION.]

A CONCORDANCE TO HORACE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you allow me through your columns to draw the attention of students of Latin to the following matter?

During the early summer, with the assistance of several friends and students, I made a complete concordance to Horace, in which the quotations accompanying the words consist of the printed metrical lines, cut out of Vollmer's text, and pasted on slips, the method employed being much the same as the one I used in making my Concordance to Wordsworth. There has been virtually no transcription, and the work as it stands is necessarily very accurate.

The question arises, Would these quotations serve the purpose, or would Latin scholars prefer some other form of reference? I should be glad to receive suggestions by letter on a point which, as a student of English, I am not for the moment prepared to decide; in fact, any counsel regarding the work would be welcome, for I am eager to produce a better record of the language of Horace than such as are already in existence—the one, for example, in Zangmeister's edition of Bentley's Horace, where the typographical arrangement is very bad. If the metrical line makes a satisfactory quotation, my slips need only to be thrown into alphabetical order, and the concordance will be ready for the printer. LANE COOPER.

Ithaca, N. Y., October 6.

TEACHERS OF ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Amid the tempest of discussion concerning the teaching of composition in our universities, one salient fact seems to have been overlooked. I refer to the increasing relegation of classes in freshman composition, particularly in State universities, to the brains of A.B.s and A.M.s, fresh from academic lands and uninitiated tourists on the continent of teaching. Results are scarcely commendable. Without any experience, selected solely because of facility in composition or more often because of ability in literature classes, donated with positions that State universities may have more graduate students, these young men, with rare exceptions, stumble through a year of such teaching as would never be endured in a good secondary school. They know the theory neither of composition nor of helpful criticism. Inevitably, of course, these novices win experience; in their second year they may do fair work. Nevertheless, before even such gainful outcome ensues, hundreds of freshmen are sacrificed to standards of grading too low or (occasionally) too high; the lash of irony and sarcasm, borrowed by the tyros from the armories of their admired (and more tactful) professors at Harvard, Columbia, or Cornell, embitters scores of students against the entire department of rhetoric; and, finally, the task of the hapless sophomore instructor is doubled and deepened, when the droves of victims reach him.

Were there no remedy at hand, these evils might be tolerated. Fortunately, successful experienced teachers could be culled from even the wastes of our wretched secondary schools; and many of these teachers, whom I have personally interviewed, would be glad to be culled—be it at financial sacrifice. The barriers, then? They are two: the belief of the A.B. *cum laude* that he would be "wasting his ability" by gaining experience in a secondary school; and the octopus-like grasp upon our State university departments of English and rhetoric by "bureaus of recommendation" in certain institutions of prestige. MIDDLE WEST.

Chicago, Ill., October 7.

Literature

SOCIALISM AND LABOR.

Marxism versus Socialism. By Vladimir G. Simkhovitch. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.

The Larger Aspects of Socialism. By William English Walling. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

American Syndicalism: The I. W. W. By John Graham Brooks. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

Industrial Warfare: The Aims and Claims of Capital and Labour. By Charles Watney and James A. Little. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2 net.

Professor Simkhovitch has no difficulty in establishing his thesis of the bankruptcy of Marx's theory of "scientific" Socialism. Those who have kept in touch with the Socialistic literature of the past ten or fifteen years are familiar with the extent of the destruction wrought in the Marxian structure by the irresistible logic of hostile facts, and in "Marxism versus Socialism" these facts are marshalled in clear compact array so that he who runs may read. It is not in any spirit of belittlement of Professor Simkhovitch's services that the reviewer suggests that his book almost gives one the impression of slaying the dead; fairer, perhaps, would it be to say that it, decently and in order, inters the corpse. The

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work, in any case, has been well done, and in a way was worth the doing, for while Marxian Socialism may be dead as a scientific theory, a great many worthy people are still unaware of that fact—including, possibly, a large proportion of the "Intercollegiate" Socialist membership, to whom "Marxism versus Socialism" may be recommended.

"Every tendency," says Professor Simkhovitch (and he handily proves what he says) "that Marx and Engels confided in has been checked, retarded, deflected, or reversed. Industry has not concentrated to any such extent as the fathers of scientific Socialism expected. Agriculture shows tendencies towards decentralization. The concentration of wealth and proletarization of the middle class has proved a fable: the moderate incomes are steadily increasing in number. The idea of the growing misery of the proletariat is abandoned in view of facts that prove the opposite; the class struggle, instead of increasing, is as a whole diminishing. Commercial crises that were to increase till they destroyed, like an earthquake, our whole industrial organization, are admittedly abating their fury."

Of course, this does not mean that Socialism or the Coöperative Commonwealth is impossible. But it does mean that Socialism is just as "Utopian" today as it was before Marx wrote and rescued it from that estate which seemed so low in his eyes and in the eyes of the generation which followed him. And, as Professor Simkhovitch says in his Introduction, "to-day the social movement throughout the world is in one sense but a quest for a new possible meaning of the word Socialism."

Pat to the reviewer's hand comes a shining proof of the truth of that statement in the shape of a new book by William English Walling—"The Larger Aspects of Socialism." The author has earned the right to a front-rank place among the American Socialist "intellectuals" and his "Socialism As It Is" of two years ago was an interesting objective study of the Socialist movement the world over. A clear-sighted observer, and a reporter honest with himself and the public, he there furnished abundant evidence of the great recent change in character of the Socialist movement from that which marked it in the days of Marx. Within its covers was contained most of the evidence that one could desire to prove the death of the Marxian hypothesis—as indeed the reviewer then pointed out. Now he comes to exhibit to us the soul of the new Socialism, which he calls "a new civilization that is gradually being embodied in a new social movement." In the "Larger Aspects of Socialism," which is, as he himself says, complementary to "Socialism As It Is," he presents to us this soul, and he finds it not in any materialistic Hegelianism, not in any mechanistic system of evolution, but in what he calls the "philosophy of modern science," and this proves to be Pragmatism!

Mr. Walling's definitions of Socialism as he now understands the word are more eloquent than pages of explanation, and we must let him state his own case in his own way:

> It is customary for Socialist writers, in spite of these admitted facts, to define the Socialist movement as being *mainly* a class-struggle of working people against capitalists, and then proceed to qualify this definition. This procedure is not in accord with the present methods of science which demand instead of a rigid definition with an unlimited number of qualifications a definition broad enough and loose enough so that it does not need to be qualified. From this standpoint perhaps the nearest we can come to a definition is to say that Socialism is a *movement of the non-privileged to overthrow the privileged in industry and government*. . . . In other words, *Socialism is a struggle of those who have less against those who have more than equal opportunity would afford* (p. 11).
>
> The conflict of Socialism with present society is not in reality a class struggle. It is not a struggle between *two* social classes or even *two* groups of social classes. It is a class struggle only on one side. The ruling class or ruling classes are more or less unified; Socialism represents the opposition of all the rest of the population but not of a class. . . . There is only one class, the class that rules humanity and must be conquered by humanity. . . . Both the phrases "class-struggle" and "class-consciousness" may legitimately be used to mean exactly the opposite of what the majority of socialists intend them to mean (p. xiii).

All that remains wholly unobjectionable of the older Socialistic formulations is the "economic interpretation," and that, too, must be construed in a new way. Because latter-day Pragmatism—and particularly the system of Professor Dewey—gives it a new meaning, Mr. Walling adopts this philosophic system as being virtually Socialism itself. "Social truth is born in social struggles. . . . This truth and this alone is the essence of all Socialism, from Marx to modern Pragmatism." Consequently, in place of the absolutely inevitable process of inexorable law which issues in the Coöperative Commonwealth as its necessary culmination—the "scientific" Marxian view—Mr. Walling adopts the principle enunciated by John A. Hobson, that "so far as the selection, valuation, and utilization of realities go Man is the Maker of the Universe." This he regards as "the principle which underlies both modern science and philosophy and the modern social movement, that is, Socialism." And Socialism "armed with the new philosophy will revolutionize all civilization and culture—as soon, that is, as economic and social conditions permit the masses to realize and to utilize the new science and the new philosophy."

Doubtless, Mr. Walling would vigorously deny the charge that he was no better than a "Utopian" Socialist; and, on the ground that there is in his philosophy no fixed principle of justice—or of anything else beyond the fixed principle that philosophy itself evolves—and in his ethics no "ought," he might possibly obtain a technical acquittal. But when he says that Socialism "is evolving in the fullest sense of the word; that is, like every living thing it is taking on characters that could not have been predicted even by omniscience (*sic*), to say nothing of the merely human powers of foresight of its early formulators," he clearly pitches his tent very far away from the old Socialist encampment, and it is only by straining the word "science" that he cannot connect it with his position.

It is as an example of the tendency noted by Professor Simkhovitch that Mr. Walling's latest book is mainly important. His naïve discovery of Pragmatism ("a new name for old ways of thinking," as James called it!), and his enthusiastic acclamation of the "new science" and the "new philosophy," are accomplished with a gloriously dogmatic repudiation of all dogma, whether of science, art, or religion, and an authoritative rejection of all authority, which give his work a pleasant flavor of youth and freshness. One may, however, wonder whether in his identification of Pragmatism with Socialism Mr. Walling represents a real advance-guard of Socialistic thought, or merely a small band of foragers poking around in the brush. To our thinking it is as a clear-sighted observer and honest chronicler of what he has seen rather than as a philosopher that Mr. Walling best serves the community, and one "Socialism As It Is" is worth a dozen of its immediate successor.

Despite his somewhat rhetorical tone, Mr. John Graham Brooks gives us in "American Syndicalism—The I. W. W." a readable, timely, and valuable account of that movement towards "industrial unionism" in the United States which has of late loomed so large in labor matters. Vast and varied as are the current misconceptions of the Socialist movement in general, they are hardly greater than are the perplexities aroused in the lay mind by this latest disturber. "Like the sound of a bell in the night, the 'Industrial Workers of the World' strike an alarm note that seems as new and strange to us as if some unknown enemy were at the gate. Both the purpose and the weapons used are alien and uncanny to our thought."

The most direct way to an understanding of syndicalism, whether at home or abroad, is to understand its lineage. Mr. Brooks points out that its

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chief forerunners were Owens's Grand Lodge, the International, and the American Knights of Labor, but its true parentage is through Marxian Socialism, of which it is to-day the ultimate orthodox expression. Sorel was justified in his boast that he was a truer prophet of the Marxian faith than were the German Socialists, and, as Mr. Brooks points out, the personnel of the syndicalist ranks, the rank and file of the I. W. W., more clearly represent the Marxian proletariat than does any other aggregation of humanity to-day. "The I. W. W. taps labor strata not only lower than those of the trade union, but still lower than those from which Socialism generally gets recruits." The fine distinctions and new constructions of the newer Socialism have neither meaning nor importance for these, and it is not surprising that the syndicalist movement finds itself at odds almost as much with modern Socialism as with the existing system Standing squarely on the platform that labor—and this means manual labor—produces all wealth, and that wealth belongs to its producer the syndicalist proposes by "direct action"—which excludes all "evolutionary" or political methods—to drive out the capitalist and take possession of all industries in the name of the worker. What is to come after that operation has been performed has not been made very clear by the syndicalist spokesmen, but it is reasonably clear that their point of view approximates more closely to that of the philosophic anarchist than that of the Socialist. Society will ultimately consist mainly of industrial groups which shall be autonomous in the fullest sense of that word. It is important to note that from the notion of "direct action" the syndicalist excludes nothing in the way of force or violence which may be effective towards the desired end, and he is usually frank enough to admit this.

But it is equally important to view the movement with sympathy sufficient to produce understanding of its springs of strength. Mr. Brooks's chapter on Some Duties of Our Own deserves careful reading, especially by those who are disposed to dismiss the whole business as the product of "agitation," "demagogy," and so on. It is not wholly rhetoric which speaks of the "crusade" spirit in the "I. W. W.," and it does not require much insight to see that, crude, wrongheaded, brutal as it may be in its methods and its professed aims, the movement expresses a real and an enduring aspiration on the part of a class now becoming for the first time conscious and articulate. Violent repression is not the only way in which to meet it—least of all repression which is lawless in its methods.

Messrs. Watney and Little have written an interesting book, despite the fact that the "Industrial Warfare" of which they treat is confined to Great Britain. Notwithstanding its condensation, the information contained in its pages is arranged in readable fashion and is given in a pleasantly detached objective style, free, so far as one can see, from personal prejudice and *parti pris*. The accounts of the organizations governing the principal industries are peculiarly interesting, as are the descriptions of the recent great trade disputes.

Apart from this the book is of interest as showing the great departure that has been made in England from the traditional policy of *laissez-faire* as a result of the coal-mining, railway, and transport strikes of the past few years, which culminated in the direct intervention of Government. On this point the authors say:

> The Government has always abstained from any direct intervention on the grounds both of policy and custom; of policy because it has always held that statutory enactments are a bar to the free development of trade and a certain means of hampering the progressive development of the position of the individual worker; of custom because it has always been considered that the commerce of this country, having been built up on an individualistic basis, should in fairness be judged on its extremely successful results. It has probably also been greatly influenced in its attitude of abstention by the hostility of all the interests concerned. The employers certainly have never asked for legislation; the workmen may have asked for it, but they have often turned and rent the donor of the boon. . . . Probably these warnings would have deterred the Government from doing anything but for the fact that organized Labor was very badly beaten in the transport strike of 1912, and for the additional circumstance that the community was getting restless at finding itself the invariable cock-shy of these organized groups of contestants for their own particular interests. It has been said that no Government in this country ever moved except under the stress of public opinion, and it certainly was the case with the ministry of 1912 (pp. 235-6).

The lines on which Government will probably proceed are based on the fact that both Labor and Capital are highly organized, and that the proper course to pursue is that of perfecting these organizations, and driving them into practical trade agreements enforceable on either side. The craft-union is still dominant in Britain as compared with all other forms or theories of labor organization, and neither syndicalism nor theoretical Socialism has left much mark on the labor situation as yet. Syndicalism, however, has been more successful than have older forms of Socialism, especially in the case of the lower strata of labor. One reason for this is well expressed by Messrs. Watney and Little in the following:

> The great defect of the artisan temperament of the present day is its reluctance or rather its positive aversion to accept responsibility or even to run risks. This is an outcome of character, the result of hereditary training, and hence it may be that in time the worker will come to emulate the middle class in its speculative tendencies and in its willingness to accept the shadow of the present for the substance of the future. No scheme, copartnership bonus or any other, is really welcome to the ordinary worker if it entails future risk or present sacrifice (pp. 250-1).

This is true of the "British workman" more than of any other workman. But it is true also of the more "skilled" classes of workmen in every country as compared with the "unskilled" classes, and it may be seen in the United States to some extent. It is where there is little to lose that the ideal of syndicalism finds most fruitful soil.

CURRENT FICTION.

Bendish: A Study in Prodigality. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

In its inconclusive way a sequel to "Mrs. Lancelot," this narrative seems to promise yet another. Lord Bendish, the titular hero of the story, is the one person with whom we may be content to have finished. He bears somewhat the same relation to Byron as Gervase Poore in the story bears to Shelley, but is a good deal nearer caricature. The Byronic pose, the Byronic failings, are so enhanced as to make Bendish merely contemptible and ridiculous, and Byron never was that. However, it may be that before we have done with him we shall see a Bendish ennobled by a final scene of the Missolonghi order. Poore is certainly worthy of further acquaintance. He is still the single-minded enthusiast of "Mrs. Lancelot," but he has steadied and ripened, is more credible and more admirable. By defect of his virtues, he is capable of becoming, to a certain point, the tool and the dupe of Bendish: wakened and roused, he is a strong man pitted against a spoiled child.

The opening chapter feints at a new heroine, but Rose Pierson, of Golder's Green, is merely the ingenue. In the Myrtle Cottage of her aunt, Bendish has found sanctuary from London husbands and duns. Rose becomes a plaything, but is not destined to be numbered among his victims. Neither is Georgiana Poore (late Lancelot), though he takes more pains with her. Georgiana and her Gervase have remained in Italy, after coming to their odd understanding with her husband and her Duke of Devizes. Lancelot has duly divorced her, and thereafter, dying disconsolate, has left her his money. With Roger Heniker, solicitor, sent by the old Duke to urge her acceptance of the bequest and her return to England and himself, goes Lord Bendish seeking fresh adventure. The lady will not have the money,

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but acknowledges the Duke's claim upon her friendship and her presence. Poore, a little at a loss, but magnanimous, consents to return to England. Thereupon Bendish incites Poore to the poem of Revolt, and while he is at it makes up to Georgiana. Contemptuously dismissed by her, he goes on his way, and revenges himself by pillorying her in "The Wanderer" ("Childe Harold," of course) as the ruthless cause of his sorrows. This, rather than his later treachery with regard to Poore's "Vision of Revolt," leads to a duel between the poets, in which Poore is wounded and Georgiana finally compelled to leave Italy for her husband's side —and the Duke's. Of Bendish, we say, there seems nothing more worth learning than these pages convey. Of the oddly linked three, Georgiana, Gervase, and the Duke, there may be much.

The Destroyer: A Tale of International Intrigue. By Burton E. Stevenson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

To those foreign peoples that have been suspecting their neighbors of intriguing to obtain supremacy in one form or other, Mr. Stevenson's tale will doubtless bring the terror he designed for it. The American reader, not being so hysterical in such matters, will find it difficult to credit some of the infernal acts here recounted. Yet in seizing upon the blowing-up of La Liberté in Toulon harbor, which came at the time of Germany's activity in Morocco and followed close on the heels of the destruction of the Jena, he has taken an incident well suited to a mystery story. Unfortunately, the mystery is not long hidden. It soon becomes certain, at least to M. Delcassé, M. Lépine, and another Frenchman, that La Liberté has been sunk by an agent of Germany, the inventor of a sort of wireless fatal to all powder magazines. That he is caught, the invention converted to the use of France, and the forts of Strassburg only spared because the operator, the sole possessor of his secret, dies just at the crucial moment, may be disclosed to the reader without telling him too much. For the main interest of the story revolves about the pursuit of the criminal. In this the author has made happy use of the services of M. Crochard, famous for his operations in "The Boule Cabinet" mystery. When it is purely a question of patriotism, France may rely, it seems, even on her underworld.

Gracechurch. By John Ayscough. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Gracechurch is identified, geographically and historically, as a small town near the Welsh border. Our author's recollections date from the 'sixties, and his avowed intention is to embalm in a bookful of affectionate reminiscence the scenes and people of his boyhood home. An apt apologist, he warns us prefatorially that "the string on which these Gracechurch papers are strung together is stronger than any of consecutive narrative working towards the climax of a plot, for it is the simple and indestructible one of love for the dear old place and the dear, kind people who lived there." As might be expected, the attempt to cement incoherence with sentiment is not a notable success. What we find is no more than an aggregation of *genre* bits, in the handling of which much ingratiating pleasantry and plenty of humor of the most unexceptionably gentle sort has been employed.

Although realizing at the outset that he must expect a strong literary likeness between Gracechurch and the Cranford of classic fame, the reader will still find something uncanny in the antiquarian cast from which this author's imaginative vision suffers. In his eye every spinster is a mausoleum of romance—fortunately time fails him for unlocking them all—and the cases he cites of female insanity brought on by amatory crises are alarmingly frequent even for the dark Victorian era. Another disadvantage under which this chronicler of bygone quaintness labors is a memory clouded by a very present preoccupation with religious distinctions. Some years after the recorded days of Gracechurch life, the author entered the Roman Catholic Church, and this coming event casts its shadow over all the incidents of the book, curiously coloring past impressions, and still more curiously distorting the outlines of certain minor episodes.

Merrilie Dawes. By Frank H. Spearman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

So subdued to the business medium it works in is Mr. Spearman's hand that his heroes make love in the very vein in which they drive through a commercial project, and his heroines respond as if answering a broker's call. There is more than a trace of woodenness in the John Adrane of this book, the Annie Whitney to whom he is engaged at its opening, and the Merrilie Dawes whom he marries after the various vicissitudes of commerce and love which it narrates. Those who are interested in the novel of business life which Mr. Spearman affects, however, will find here a specimen typical in its merits as well as its defects. Certainly there is no flagging of interest in its central pages, where we see a great panic lift and shake John, the builder of railways, and Merrilie, an orphaned heiress, together with all the other capitalists and executives of Gotham and the East. It is this time of trial for men's souls that reveals to John, Annie, and Merrilie at once that a reshuffling of the matrimonial cards is urgent; and the reader, who has always occupied an Olympian position in this regard, is not surprised at the friendliness of the final arrangement. The financial action that interlocks with the love-story is plausibly and, in the crucial scenes, admirably done.

MAKING THE CONSTITUTION.

The Framing of the Constitution of the United States. By Max Farrand, Professor of History in Yale University. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2 net.

There is only one fact concerning the Constitution over which there is no controversy: all agree that certain delegates from all the States but Rhode Island met in Philadelphia in the summer of 1787 and framed it, and beyond that all is dispute. Whence its various provisions came, what they mean, who should be called its father, or fathers, are questions about which a thousand briefs have been written and to which nothing that is fresh can now be added. Happily, Mr. Farrand has avoided these stale questions, and gives us the one thing that was really desired—a simple, straightforward narrative of the proceedings of the Convention which made the Constitution. It is the first to appear since the discoveries in recent years of new or fugitive material for the history of the framing—of the notes of Paterson, McHenry, King, Wilson, and others, nearly all of which Mr. Farrand himself gathered into permanent form in his monumental work, "The Records of the Federal Convention," published in 1911. Mr. Farrand's attitude towards his subject is temperate and impartial—we had almost said cool and unenthusiastic—but he warms towards Washington occasionally and towards Madison and Wilson at the end. His style is clear, but we think it is at times too light for the weighty subject he is treating. The Convention was a great event in the history of the world. It was an assemblage of whales, who should not be described in language more applicable to little fishes.

For example: Mr. Farrand says of Edmund Randolph that "as a figurehead he was splendid," of Robert Morris that he was "large, florid, and pleasantly impressive," of Alexander Hamilton that "he was too conceited and overbearing to be popular," and of Madison's report: "he took his work so seriously that it seemed to have stifled any sense of humor he is said to have possessed and deprived his notes of any enlivening qualities." As a matter of fact, Randolph was never a splendid figurehead, and when the Convention met was one of the most influential men of Virginia; Robert Morris was much more than "pleasantly impressive," and

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the masterfulness and self appreciation of Hamilton were quite different from "conceit." As for Madison's "notes," we cannot imagine why any one should look for merriment in them and complain because he failed to find any jokes. Criticism like this, however, is largely a matter of temperament and taste and need not detract from the verdict that Mr. Farrand's work is admirable both in plan and execution.

The deficiencies of the Article of Confederation were discussed in the Continental Congress and were understood by intelligent Americans generally. Therefore, when the delegates, many of whom had been in the Congress, met, though several of them had made a careful study of governments ancient and modern, as Mr. Farrand says, "when it came to the concrete problem before them they seldom, if ever, went outside of their own experience and observation."

The Virginia plan was the basis of these proceedings, and it included a remedy for virtually every deficiency in the Articles of Confederation that had become palpable. The Pinckney plan received no attention from the Convention, and was only used by the Committee of Detail in arranging its report. The Jersey plan was the expression of the conservative element of the Convention, which wanted the principles of the Articles of Confederation preserved. Hamilton's plan, unfolded in his elaborate speech, excited curiosity but had no followers. The great contest arose between the Virginia proposal of a national republic and the Jersey plan of a federation of States, whence the compromise which recognized one principle in the House of Representatives and the other in the Senate. Mr. Farrand's treatment of slavery in the Constitution is good. He says that the proceedings of the Convention were not published until slavery had become the dominant political issue in America, and, in consequence, the commentators over-emphasized the discussion of the subject in the Convention, and the error has continued; but, in truth, slavery was by no means the dominant issue in 1787, and it was generally believed that the Southern States would eventually effect emancipation as the Northern States had done. These facts justify Mr. Farrand in treating the bargain between the far Southern States and the East by which navigation laws were traded for recognition of the slave trade and slave property as of secondary importance. The account of the proceedings of the Committee of Detail is derived from sources recently discovered, chiefly the papers of James Wilson in the Pennsylvania Historical Society. They reveal some of the proceedings of the Committee and enable a specialist to conjecture others. Here the declarations which the Convention had adopted in a crude form were moulded into definite shape and here many important subordinate provisions were added. The paragraphed report which the Committee offered was the second great step towards the completed Constitution. In preparing it the Committee used for convenience a copy of the Articles of Confederation, of the Jersey plan, and of the Pinckney plan, and also drew largely upon the State Constitutions, especially the Constitution of New York, which Pinckney also had used in preparing his plan.

Again, new material is employed in the chapter on the election of the President. It tends to show that some of the delegates may have believed that other delegates were in favor of a monarchy. The suspicion rests chiefly upon a memorandum by James McHenry of a remark by his colleague from Maryland, John Francis Mercer. Mercer, however, was a man of uncertain opinions, unsound judgment, complaining and jealous disposition. He left the Convention in disgust when he saw it headed towards a national government. Afterwards he said that McHenry had mistaken his meaning. In fact, the suspicion is built upon a foundation so flimsy that it does not deserve to be taken seriously.

In the closing chapter Mr. Farrand gives an estimate of the influence of the members in shaping the Constitution. The master-builder, he says, was Madison; Hamilton was not in touch with the situation; the second man in the Convention was James Wilson, and Madison's strongest supporter next to him was Washington. He also estimates the completed Constitution. There was virtually nothing new or unfamiliar in it. "Every provision," he says, "can be accounted for in American experience between 1776 and 1789." It was a practical piece of work, but not logical, else the leaders would have provided for such contingencies as afterwards arose in the Embargo of 1807, the tariff of 1816, Nullification and Secession. One reason why it was accepted so readily after it had been adopted was that trade revived at that time. "It was floated on a wave of commercial prosperity," says Mr. Farrand. We do not accept this estimate. A practical piece of work the Constitution unquestionably was; but it came to be accepted only as it came to prove itself. The feeling that it had saved for the country what the Revolution had won increased as the years passed, and as a broad Continental patriotism grew under the union which it had created, the sentiment of attachment towards it grew. Mr. Farrand speaks disparagingly of "the worship of the Constitution" which appeared; but the expression is inaccurate, and savors more of modern politics than of historical judgment, for the Constitution has inspired veneration in the people, not worship.

William Morris: A Study in Personality. By Arthur Compton-Rickett. With an Introduction by R. B. Cunninghame-Graham. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

This successful study of a man well worth any biographer's mettle falls into two parts, of varying degrees of merit. In the first, a sketch of the manner of man William Morris was, a sturdy directness of method is exactly suited to his dynamic, tempestuous, out-of-doors personality. The author has been at pains to draw from every possible acquaintance of the poet a wealth of new personalia. All Morris's traits—his furious activity, on the highroad or in the studio; his tumbling carelessness of manner; his frequent outbursts of temper; his obstinate dogmatizings; his generosity; his hatred of the subjective, the unpractical, and the narrow, are illustrated by a variety of anecdotes and sayings: "I always thank God," Morris once exclaimed in a typical speech, "for making anything so strong as an onion!" For all his attainments, the man had little of subtlety or complexity to analyze, and Mr. Rickett's firm strokes leave us feeling that we know him to his "sturdy, primal core."

In the later chapters—on The Poet, The Craftsman, The Prose Romancer, and The Social Reformer—this direct, unanalytical force does not serve Mr. Rickett so well. He has no eye for critical *nuances*, and he does not treat with grace of touch, or appraise with discrimination, Morris's finest artistic and literary product. In the pages dealing with Morris as artist, or as Socialist, for example, we have a full picture of a rich career, but we look in vain for an estimate of his real achievement in either field. The chapter on Morris as poet, again, does full justice to Morris's lucidity, virility, and the rich predominance of the perceptive over the reflective in his writings. But his single eye to the spacious beauty of Morris's narratives leaves him far more uncritical of his overfluency and lowness of flight than if he had viewed him comparatively, among his Victorian compeers. To Mr. Rickett, Morris's poetry, his craftsmanship, and his reforms are so significant as exponents of his superabundant manhood that the background of the period sometimes falls out of perspective.

But the personality of Morris inheres in every page of the book. We see him as a painter, so angry at a chance interruption as to kick a panel out of the door; as a dyer, his beard streaked with color, on his hands and knees in ecstatic contemplation of a rug; as a decorator, gloriously indicating the exit of his *atelier* to an American who found his colors too vivid, with the roar, "If you want dirt, you can seek that in the streets!" To his remark upon his Ox-

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ford verses, that "if this is poetry, it is very easy," Mr. Rickett instances two parallels. Some one had spoken of designing as the most exciting of occupations. "I don't see it at all," said Morris; "if you can do it, you can, and if you can't, you can't." Again, "Any one can be a public speaker," he once declared to a friend, "if he only peg away sufficiently at it." We see him, too, as a reformer, the kindest master of workingmen in England. A bungler once averted a discharge by feigning to discover a trout in a neighboring stream. "Quick, man, get your line," cried Morris; "don't go and lose the damned thing!" and the grievance was forgotten. His energy irradiates the whole book. Just before the period of his novels, Sir William Richmond found him disconsolate. "What's the matter, Top?" he inquired. "O, hang it all," said Morris, "I shall have to find out another toy." As Mr. Rickett observes, what to another man would have been the pursuit of a lifetime was but a single phase of his career.

Vāsavadattā: A Sanskrit Romance by Subandhu. Translated with an Introduction and Notes by Louis H. Gray, Ph.D. New York: Columbia University Press. (Lemcke & Buechner.)

While the greater part of Sanskrit literature is religious, ethical, or philosophical, the later writers of the renascence turned gayly to lighter themes, and developed in various forms a literature which was primarily artistic. Even the epic compositions of later date show a conscious striving after style; poetic conceits became popular; form became more important than subject-matter. By the sixth century of our era, to which epoch is to be assigned the "Vāsavadattā," this new tendency reached such a pass that style may be said to be everything. Thus Subandhu, the author of the famous romance here presented in English dress, prides himself more upon his ability to make puns than upon any other excellence. And in truth the work he composed is so filled with single, double, and even triple puns that no translation can give the effect of the original. The best that any translater could do has been done by Dr. Gray, who has by a system of brackets indicated how many puns are found in each clause. The romance itself is overweighted with description, and Dr. Gray, in his scholarly introduction, has drawn an ingenious parallel between the affectations of the Sanskrit author and the style and spirit of Lyly's "Euphues."

So rare is the romance in Sanskrit literature that an outline of the plot of this tale may be welcomed by students of comparative literature. A young prince sees in a dream a vision of a lovely maiden and sets out to find her. Wandering in the mountains, he hears a bird who tells his mate of Vāsavadattā, a king's daughter of surpassing beauty, who had seen in a dream a matchless youth and fallen in love with the vision. With the help of this revelation, and eventually assisted by her maid, the prince discovers the princess, who is, of course, the girl he had seen in the dream; but parental interference postpones their marriage and the damsel is spirited away. At last, after a weary search, the prince discovers her; but she has been changed into stone owing to the curse of a hermit, who, like the irascible saint of the "Rāmāyana," petrified the intruder upon his privacy; and Vāsavadattā, like the heavenly Rambhā, was existent and yet unrecognizable. Fortunately, her shape was preserved, and the prince, thinking idly that the form of the stone was like that of Vāsavadattā, put his hand upon the rock, and it became the maiden. "Then the prince went to his own city with her and lived some time, enjoying such pleasure as even the gods find difficult to obtain." The sudden ending after interminable passages of "too, too gaudy" description strikes the Occidental reader as the best thing in the story.

Dr. Gray has illustrated the incidents of this tale with parallels drawn from a wide range of reading, and has added to the carefully edited text and excellent translation a full bibliography and a list of new words of considerable lexicographical value. The introduction is in the form of a thorough historical critique of the place of the "Vāsavadattā" in Sanskrit literature. Minor slips are hard to discover. On page 80, the husband of Ahalyā should be Gautama, not Brihaspati.

Nelson in England: A Domestic Chronicle. By E. Hallam Moorhouse. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

In Lord Nelson's fascinating personality one may discern two quite distinct beings. There is the Man of Destiny on whom Genius laid her awful hand, the hero of the battles of Copenhagen, Aboukir, and Trafalgar, the patriot ready to sacrifice his life for his country; and, on the other hand, there is the frail sensitive son of a good and gentle father, ever fond of quiet English country life either at the Burnham Thorpe Rectory, where he grew up as a boy, or at Merton, where he lived his last blissful days with Lady Hamilton.

It is with the second of these beings —with the domestic side of Nelson's life and character—that Mr. Moorhouse's charming volume deals. He pictures the happy, wholesome atmosphere of the Norfolk village in which Nelson spent his childhood. Anecdotes of hunting birds' eggs and of school show that the slim, delicate youth even in his early years was possessed of an indomitable will and an entire absence of bodily fear. He went to sea at an unusually early age, and in the West Indies in 1787 married Fanny Nisbet, a young widow of eighteen. She was an estimable girl, who might have adorned one of Jane Austen's pages, but, as Mr. Moorhouse rightly observes, this marriage was a misfortune for both Nelson and his wife. Though Nelson loved her and for several years believed himself happy with her, she was lacking in the ardent kind of responsiveness and in the capacity for caressing affection; yet these were the qualities in a beautiful woman, as events turned out, which could stir Nelson's deepest feelings and cause him to stray strangely far from the path of propriety in which he had been trained by his father. In the descriptions of the enthusiastic crowds which always hailed Nelson, and in the account of his magnificent funeral the author makes one realize what an idol Nelson was to the whole of the English nation. He has been very successful in picking out from the mass of Nelson letters those passages which allude to Nelson's old family home, to his unfortunate marriage, to Lady Hamilton, and to all the little objects of joy or sorrow which made up the background of the daily life of the Admiral. He has added to the charm of his descriptions by reproducing several portraits and other illustrations.

Of deep human interest is the story of Nelson's passion for Lady Hamilton, and Mr. Moorhouse has told the story extremely simply and well. Soon after Nelson met Sir William and Lady Hamilton in Sicily, his letters to his own wife in England became infrequent and cold. She naturally became disturbed at this and at the rumors of Nelson's new attachment, and she proposed to come out to Sicily and join him. But he decisively forbade her to do so. When at last, after years of absence, and after winning immortal glory at the Battle of the Nile, he finally set out on his triumphal overland progress homeward, he was accompanied by the Hamiltons, to the scandal of many people who saw them on the Continent. As he landed at Yarmouth in the midst of huzzaing English patriots, Lady Hamilton walked down the little wooden jetty with her hand on his arm. Everywhere she shared in the applause as if she had been his own wife, instead of being old Sir William's. Curiously enough, there were but few in England to criticise his extraordinary conduct; people thought only of their idol's naval victories, not of his moral shortcomings. Shortly afterwards, Nelson separated from his wife, and lived unblushingly with the Hamiltons. Three years later he wrote naïvely in his diary: "Our dear Sir William died at ten minutes past ten this morning in Lady Hamil-

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ton's and my arms without a sigh or a struggle." One may sympathize with Lady Nelson in the cruel suffering which she endured from such a husband, and yet Mr. Moorhouse makes one feel glad, in spite of morality, that Nelson's affectionate nature found the satisfaction which his own wife's temperament denied him, in his love for his "divine Emma" and for their daughter, Horatia.

Notes

Announcements of Longmans, Green & Co. include: "Lord Lyons, a Record of British Diplomacy," in two vols., by Lord Newton; "A History of England, from the Defeat of the Armada to the Death of Elizabeth," by Prof. Edward P. Cheyney, and "Royal Spain of To-day," by Tryphosa Bates Batcheller.

Houghton Mifflin Company publishes on Saturday the following titles: "Letters of Charles Eliot Norton"; "The Confessions of a Débutante," anonymous; "Valentine," a novel by Grant Richards; "The Railroad Book," a companion volume to "The Farm Book" and "The Seashore Book," by E. Boyd Smith; "Ballads of the Be-Ba-Boes," by D. K. Stevens; "Story-Telling Poems," edited by Frances Jenkins Olcott; "The Religious Revolution of To-day," by James T. Shotwell; a Life of Paul Bourget, by the Abbé Ernest Dimnet, and a new edition of the writings of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

In the preface to "Samphire," a volume of essays soon to be brought out by Dutton, the author, Lady Sybil Grant, regrets that her work will necessarily be compared with that of her able father, Lord Rosebery.

Scribners are about to publish "The Life of Francis Thompson," by Everard Meynell, son of Alice Meynell, one of the poet's closest friends, and Edith Wharton's novel, "The Custom of the Country."

Little, Brown & Co. have in preparation: "Across Unknown South America," in two volumes, by A. Henry Savage-Landor; "The Eye of Dread," a new novel by Payne Erskine, and "The Old Franciscan Missions of California," by George Wharton James.

The following titles are promised this week by Putnams: "Wanderfoot," by Cynthia Stockley; "North and South: Notes on the Natural History of a Summer Camp and Winter Home," by Stanton D. Kirkham; "Happy Women," by Myrtle Reed, and "Memoirs of a Prima Donna," by Clara Louise Kellogg.

A book by the late Andrew Lang and his brother, Mr. John Lang, dealing with "The Border," is soon to be added by Macmillans to the Highways and Byways series.

The autumn list of publications of the University of Chicago Press includes: "Chicago and the Old Northwest," by Milo M. Quaife; "London in English Literature," by Percy H. Boynton; "Social Programmes in the West," by Charles Richmond Henderson; "Christian Faith for Men of To-day," by Ezra Albert Cook; "The Elements of Debating, a Manual for Use in High Schools and Academies," by Leverett S. Lyon; "Materials for the Story of Elementary Economics," by members of the department of political economy in the University of Chicago; "Assyrian and Babylonian Letters Belonging to the Kouyunjik Collection of the British Museum, Parts xii and xiii," edited by Robert F. Harper; "The Legal Terms Common to the Macedonian Inscriptions and the New Testament," by William D. Ferguson; "Syntax of the Participle in the Apostolic Fathers," by Henry B. Robison; "Christology of the Epistle to the Hebrews," by Harris Lachlan MacNeill, and "A Manual for Writers," by John M. Manly.

Alfred Noyes's "Collected Poems" are in preparation by Stokes and may be expected shortly.

Ex-President Taft is preparing for the Yale University Press "Popular Government, its Essence, its Permanence, and its Perils."

The same press announces a "Life of Dr. Theodore Thornton Munger, New England Minister," by Dr. Benjamin Wisner Bacon, D.D.

The Putnams, as the American representatives of the Cambridge University Press, announce the publication of the following volumes: "An Atlas of Commercial Geography," compiled by Fawcett Allen, with an Introduction by D. A. Jones; "The History of the Islands of the Lerins," an Account of the Monastery, Saints, and Theologians of S. Honorat, by the Rev. A. C. Cooper-Marsdin, D.D.; "The Early History of the Liturgy," by the Rev. J. H. Srawley, D.D.; "Exercises and Problems in English History, 1485-1820," compiled, chiefly from original sources, by W. J. R. Gibbs; "Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents," by Edmund Burke, edited by W. Murison; "The Physician in English History" (Linacre Lecture, 1913, St. John's College, Cambridge), by Norman Moore, M.D., and "Great Britain and Ireland (1485-1910)" by John E. Morris.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company wishes to correct an error made in announcements of the biographical edition of the works of James Whitcomb Riley. This edition includes 220 poems which have never before appeared in book form, and many of which are here printed for the first time, as well as several heretofore unpublished prose sketches—these in addition to all of the author's works which have previously been published.

New volumes in Macmillan's Fiction Library are F. Marion Crawford's "The Heart of Rome"; Jack London's "Adventure"; Zona Gale's "The Loves of Pelleas and Etarre," and Hamilton Drummond's "The Justice of the King." All of these except Zona Gale's volume are full-length novels. Hers is made up of the delicately sentimental stories of the aged Pelleas and his aged wife which appeared originally in various magazines. Read rapidly one after another, these tales may pall a little upon their too greedy peruser. Individually, most persons will find them rarely entertaining. On Mr. Crawford's and Mr. London's stories, comment is unnecessary. Those who have not read "The Justice of the King" have a complicated plot awaiting their attention; it is woven of the political animosities of the time of Louis XI, and has to do especially with the relations of that monarch and the youthful Dauphin. Four new volumes have just been published in Macmillan's Juvenile Library also. One of these, E. V. Lucas's "The Slowcoach," relates the adventures of a party of English children in going about a portion of England in a "caravan," or what our own boys and girls would call a gypsy wagon. The other stories are American. They are Joseph A. Altscheler's "The Horsemen of the Plains," which is sufficiently described by its subtitle, "A Story of the Great Cheyenne War"; Mabel Osgood Wright's Yankee tale, "Aunt Jimmy's Will," and Charles Major's "Uncle Tom Andy Bill," a narrative, as he confesses, of those fascinating topics, bears and Indian treasure. New additions to the Macmillan Standard Library are Edward T. Devine's authoritative book on "Misery and Its Causes"; Franklin Pierce's "The Tariff and the Trusts," and the collection of chapters on various phases of religion, to which George Hodges gives the general title of "Everyman's Religion." The volumes in all of these series are sold at fifty cents each.

Madame d'Aulnoy's fairy tales and picturesque memoirs of the court of Spain are famous, but her "Memoirs of the Court of England, 1675," have been far less read—and deservedly, for their interest is rather tenuous. Nevertheless, we can welcome a sprightly modern translation made by Mrs. W. H. Arthur and now published, with illustrations, by John Lane. Of direct historical value these "Memoirs" are almost destitute, except in so far as they reproduce the general tone and manners of Whitehall under the second Charles. For that reason, though we may applaud the diligence of Mr. G. D. Gilbert in running down the identity of the four anonymous ladies who figure in the story, we cannot feel that the knowledge gained is of any particular importance. If read as an historical romance the book is fairly entertaining, though it lacks the *sel* that gives flavor to Grammont's kindred (and somewhat later) chronicle of scandals. Madame d'Aulnoy had a glimpse of the actual court of England and was clever enough to understand what was going on. There may even be a basis in fact for some of the intrigues she narrates, but it is perfectly plain that the tangles of adventures in which she ensnares her dukes and duchesses and ladies in waiting is chiefly of her own contriving. As for the conversations behind closed doors, she might excuse herself for inventing these by the example of classic historians, but more probably she was not pretending to be more than a writer of romance. As an appendix Mr. Gilbert has added the story of Lucy Walter, mother of the Duke of Monmouth, in which he brings together in good order all the available information in regard to that shadowy and debatable character.

Theodore Roosevelt's "History as Literature, and Other Essays" (Scribner) brings together his address as president of the American Historical Association in 1912, the title essay; his Oxford address on "Biological Analogies in History"; his addresses at the University of Berlin and the Sorbonne on "The World Movement" and "Citizenship in a Republic," together with a number of essays originally written for

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the *Outlook* and the *Century*. The Oxford, Berlin, and Paris addresses have already been published in a volume entitled "African and European Addresses," and the object of reproducing them here is not apparent. As the longer papers have already been commented upon from time to time in these columns, they need no further evaluation now. The volume as a whole is another illustration of the range and versatility of Mr. Roosevelt's intellectual interests, and the several addresses and papers compare favorably with the non-political writings of most of our public men. That the knowledge which they exhibit is wide rather than deep, the expressions of opinion suggestive rather than convincing, and the criticism of accepted standards often airy and superficial, is, of course, entirely characteristic.

An unusually harsh note in regard to England is struck by F. Garcia Calderon in the opening chapter of his "Latin America" (Scribner). For him Spain is represented by Ariel, while Caliban, "half man, half devil, with his elemental knowledge of nature and his dual cunning and his stunted faculties," has given England a vast empire. Few writers are more ardently Latin in their tendencies. "Wilful and mystical, the Spanish temperament is active, and expresses itself externally in conflict; it manifests itself in comedy and tragedy. . . . The struggle is not only for independence, but for fame, to preserve the integrity of honor in the general eye." There is true analysis here, although distorted by racial pride. In these days when so many Spanish-Americans are more proud of the history of the Aztecs and Incas than of Spain, it is pleasant to find one who acknowledges the important debt his continent owes to the mother-country. But Mr. Calderon is more than a Peruvian diplomat. He is a thoroughly Frenchified Latin-American. By a series of explosive paragraphs he almost succeeds in keeping the reader from discerning the actual state of the racial conflict which he endeavors to describe. A passionate student of political philosophy, disregardful of geography and economics, he fails to realize the full significance of many underlying causes. Take, for example, the well-known expulsion of Jews and Moors from Spain. To our author this is merely an evidence of the Spaniard's adherence to rigid ideals of religious and political intolerance. There is no appreciation of any underlying economic cause. In fact, he would probably deny that there was any. To him the ideal hero is Don Quixote—"incomparable in theoretic and ideal statesmanship," as Lowell said. All these characteristics make his book decidedly interesting as a human document and peculiarly significant as giving a picture of Latin America from the point of view of an intensely loyal Latin. His chapter on the North American Peril ought to be read by every one. It begins: "To save themselves from Yankee Imperialism the American democracies would almost accept a German alliance, or the aid of Japanese arms; everywhere the Americans of the North are feared. In the Antilles and in Central America hostility against the Anglo-Saxon invaders assumes the character of a Latin crusade."

Last winter was published anonymously a clever book of letters of travel called "European Years." Now in "More Letters by an Idle Man" (Houghton Mifflin) the veil is lifted, and we learn that the writer is Hermann Jackson Warner. The letters are addressed from Nassau to Tokio with a preponderance of European postmarks. Faithfully and long the author has pursued the quest of reasonable economy combined with superlative climate, developing the while a shrewd and tartly humorous vein of observation. For bad political prophecy he has a sort of genius. The Bulgarian-Servian war suggests an impending Armageddon; Garfield's assassination, the utter hopelessness of attaining a reformed civil service. But the apology is forthcoming, "Dyspeptic folk with a pessimistic turn are always singularly youthful, and generally live to a great age, but the thing that keeps people alive longest, as a rule, is cussedness." It is such whimsical perception of his own foible that may endear the Idle Man to a certain class of readers. Such an outburst as the following is characteristic: "I am told to read 'Marcella,' Mrs. Humphry Ward's last; socialistic and that kind of thing. I should be glad if I never heard again the word socialism. I never knew till lately to what extent I am conservative and fogy, but this riot of new and impossible theories for reorganizing mankind upsets me altogether; I am thrown off my feet; the old world totters and a new world in which I am to earn my daily bread by street sweeping, looms on an horizon red with blood of fogies." Your reviewer has found the crusty flavor of these letters agreeable, and could have got along with a smaller supply.

As a readable analysis, Arthur Ransome's "Oscar Wilde" (Mitchell Kennerley) possesses merit beyond its modest size and price, for the contents are well proportioned between descriptive characterization and criticism of Wilde's work. The biography of Wilde is touched upon only as a chronological background, and in brief interpretation of his doctrine of life as "an artistic creation"—the æsthetic expression, ideally, of an intense personality. The main criticism to which Mr. Ransome exposes himself is that his emphasis is too greatly and too superficially upon style. His chief delight, as of course his easiest task, is expounding the language of the poetry and tales, in the rich tapestries of which he sees the author's real contribution to literature—"a feeling for decorative effect." His catalogues of golden phrases would be quite justifiable, did he not avoid the real problems of Wilde's style in declining any attempt to link his decorative tendencies critically to the theories of "Intentions" and other essays, or historically to impulses gained from the French and the Pre-Raphaelites. There follows also from this emphasis upon expression a failure to give homogeneity to the various departments of Wilde's work—novels, poems, essays, dramas—so unlike in outward color and mood, so like in inner essence. The natural contradictions in the author are emphasized, and an insuperable barrier seems raised between, for example, the rich playfulness of "The Happy Prince" and the amazing intellectual dexterity of the comedies. And when Mr. Ransome comes to the portion of Wilde's work where sense is everything and style nothing—the "De Profundis" and other productions of 1897 to 1901—he fails perceptibly. But in all, Wilde's content and critical thought are by no means wholly neglected; and Mr. Ransome's treatment of his style, as a literary force, is just, and his appraisal of his literary station unexaggerated.

Reminiscence, somewhat disconnected but possessing considerable historical value in its presentation of the development of organized library activities, is offered by Samuel Sweet Green, veteran librarian of Worcester, Mass., in "The Public Library Movement in the United States, 1853-1893," published by the Boston Book Company, as No. 8 of their Useful Reference series. Mr. Green looks back upon a long span of active years, for he became a trustee of the Worcester Public Library in 1867, and its librarian in 1871, retiring as librarian emeritus in 1909, and his life has been closely associated with the American Library Association, the Massachusetts Free Public Library Commission, and other related library activities. His chronicle, of some 300 pages, opens with a brief account of the Librarians' Convention of 1853, in New York, the first effort towards the organization finally effected in 1876. From this later year, when the American Library Association held its initial meeting at the Philadelphia Centennial, he gives a fairly continuous chronological record, to and including the library activities at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893. These seventeen years were the formative period of the American public library, blazing the way for the far-reaching development of the twenty years since, in their formulation of principles and methods and their propaganda for State and local associations of librarians and for specialized library training. Those who know the public library systems of the present day will find here many interesting sidelights upon their progress, such as the first daring experiments in opening library reading rooms on Sunday; the gradual replacement of printed catalogues by the printed catalogue card and the special reference list; the extension of library facilities to children; the admission of readers to the bookshelves, and the steady increase in printed aids and guides in book selection; and the gradual preponderance of women in a field whose workers in the beginning were almost all men. Mr. Green gives many personalia, often trivial, and dwells upon many minor details of the jaunts and sightseeing connected with the annual meetings of the American Library Association. But though his record is informal, lacking in cohesion and in literary expression, it has the engaging qualities of sincere devotion to a calling and of friendly admiration for fellow-workers of every degree.

The "Barrington-Bernard Correspondence," edited by Edward Channing and Archibald Cary Coolidge (Harvard University Press), which makes the seventeenth volume of the Harvard Historical Studies, consists mainly of unofficial letters between Gov. Bernard and Lord Barrington during the period from 1760 to 1770. The letters have been selected from the eight volumes of Bernard Letter-Books which were purchased by Jared Sparks and are now in the library of Harvard University. Besides the letters, the volume contains some documents of an illustrative character, the most important of which is a somewhat

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detailed account of the conditions in Massachusetts in 1774. From much of the correspondence, one might conclude that few things interested Bernard more than to obtain an easy berth with a good salary. In some of the letters, nevertheless, he gives clear expression to his ideas on the political situation. Like most of the colonial Governors, Bernard deplored the half-hearted methods of the English Government in dealing with the colonial opposition. There is a strong desire, writes Barrington, "that no disputes should arise *between Governors and their Assemblies.*" The gist of the policy of the Government in the eighteenth century is contained in this phrase. Very strict formal instructions were issued to the Governors; but those Governors who tried to carry them out to the letter invariably got into trouble with their Assemblies; and those who got into trouble with their Assemblies were generally recalled. But after 1763 such a policy was no longer possible. It was not a question, as Bernard says, "whether there shall be a stamp act or not, but whether America shall or shall not be subject to Great Britain." "In Britain the American Governments are considered as corporations empowered to make by-laws; in America they claim to be perfect States, not otherwise dependent upon Great Britain than by having the same King." Bernard was one of those who saw that either the colonies must be allowed to go their own way, which would be easy, or that there must be a thoroughgoing change in the form of colonial government, which would be difficult, but, according to Bernard, not impracticable.

The first part of Mr. A. J. B. Wavell's "A Modern Pilgrim in Mecca: and a Siege in Sanaa" (Small, Maynard) deals with the author's experiences and vicissitudes in his trip to Mecca. It is entirely a personal narrative, and interesting as such. He went to Medina by train from Damascus, considerably ahead of pilgrimage time. There he found fighting with the neighboring Arab tribes in progress and the city almost in a state of siege. Consequently, instead of going on by land, he proceeded by sea to Yembu, on the Red Sea, and thence by boat to Jiddah, from which place he went to Mecca in true pilgrim fashion. Indeed, from Damascus onward, he was a part of the pilgrimage, performing all the religious rites and ceremonies. Except that Mr. Wavell was in constant apprehension of discovery, especially through pilgrims from Mombasa, where he had spent some time and become well known, his life was in no regard different from that of an ordinary, well-to-do Moslem pilgrim. He saw the bad and the good about him, and the simple narrative of the ceremonies, with notices of certain individuals with whom he was thrown, constitutes a very vivid and instructive story. The second part of his journey is interesting only because here, too, he went where he was not expected to go and caused much trouble, both to the Turkish authorities and to his own Government. Contriving to elude Turkish vigilance at Hodeidah, the port of the Yemen, he succeeded in reaching Sanaa, the principal town of the interior, which, almost immediately after his arrival, was besieged by the Imam, the subject prince of Yemen, who was then in revolt against the Turkish overlord. He intended to make explorations in that extremely interesting region, which has been very imperfectly explored. In this he failed altogether. While purporting to relate his experiences during the siege, his attempt, after its conclusion, to escape further into the interior for purposes of exploration, his ignominious capture, imprisonment, and return to Hodeidah, this part of the book was too evidently written to satisfy a grudge against the English Government for its failure to take his part, make the Turks let him go where he would, and insist upon redress for his arrest and deportation.

Of Dr. J. G. Frazer's Gifford Lectures on "The Belief in Immortality and the Worship of the Dead," the first volume is now published (Macmillan), dealing with "The Belief among the Aborigines of Australia, the Torres Straits Islands, New Guinea, and Melanesia." It displays the wealth of detail and the easy flow of narration with which we are familiar in the author's preceding works. At the outset he carefully defines the limits of his inquiry. He declines to express any opinion for or against a belief in immortality. He will confine himself strictly to reporting the views of the lower tribes, and of these he now takes only those of which he has made particular study. Hereafter, he says, he may extend his investigation to include other communities, uncivilized and civilized. For the present his purpose is to avoid, as far as possible, all comparisons and generalizations—he cannot, however, avoid bringing out the fact that in the regions under consideration religious organization has gone hand in hand with economic and political progress. But in general it is enough for him to show that such and such a tribe had just such and such ideas and ceremonies.

Dr. Frazer's plan leads him to give in minute detail the opinions held in the western Pacific concerning the nature and future of the soul and the nature and activities of ghosts. These last are the principal agents in the religious experience of the Pacific savages. There are also spirits, superhuman beings that have never been connected with human bodies; but ghosts have the principal rôle. As the conduct of life is largely determined in these tribes by the conceptions of souls and ghosts, Frazer's descriptions amount almost to a sketch of the civilization of the area in question. However, alongside of the ghost cult proper there is abundant employment of magic, and sorcerers are powerful. Frazer observes that in persons and things efficient in magical processes there appears, according to the native idea, to be inherent a sort of supernatural force—that which is now commonly called *mana*. That is, magic is essentially dependence on a supernatural power for the guidance of life. If this be so, it is unnecessary to draw a sharp line of distinction between magic and religion (as Frazer elsewhere does)—rather, the two represent two stages of growth in the resort to the superhuman. True, the *mana* in magic is controlled by the magician; but there seems to be no radical difference between such control and the procedure of the savage who takes and discards his fetish spirit at will or that of the half-civilized man who binds his god to keep him at home or reviles or beats him if he does not respond favorably to requests. Our knowledge of the genesis of savage gods is far from being complete. Frazer mentions cases in which a ghost, as it seems, grows to be a true god; but great caution must be exercised in the treatment of such cases. This collection of data, based on observations as trustworthy as such observations can ever be, will long continue to furnish material to students of early sociology. The volume suggests various problems. Thus, the psychological unity of the western Pacific region is obvious—what is its origin? Dr. Frazer, in accordance with his plan, ignores such questions; but they will, doubtless, occur to many readers.

Stephen Jenkins, whose death is reported from Lakewood, N. J., at the age of fifty-six, had graduated from the Naval Academy and served in the Spanish-American war. He was the author of "A Princess and Another" and "The Greatest Street in the World."

Charles Francis Richardson, professor emeritus of Anglo-Saxon and English language and literature at Dartmouth College, died last week at Lisbon, N. H., aged sixty-two years. He had been a member of the Dartmouth faculty for thirty-one years. From 1872 to 1878 he was on the staff of the New York *Independent*. Among his writings are "The Cross" (poems), "The Choice of Books," "American Literature, 1607-1895," in two volumes, "The End of the Beginning" (a romance), "A Study of English Rhyme," and as editor, "Poe's Complete Works."

The Rev. Dr. Jacob Isidor Mombert died last week at his home in Paterson, N. J., in his eighty-fourth year. Dr. Mombert was born in Cassel, Germany, and received his education in German theological institutions. In 1866 the University of Pennsylvania conferred on him the degree of D.D. In 1877 he became rector of Christ Church, Jersey City, but two years later accepted a call to St. John's Church, Passaic, one of the largest Episcopal churches in the East. He remained as its rector until 1882, when he retired. He was one of the contributing editors to the *Churchman*. Among his works are translations of "Thorluck's Psalms" and "The Catholic Epistles," besides a "Short History of the Crusades."

Robinson Ellis, corpus professor of Latin literature at Oxford since 1893, is dead in London. He was born at Barming, Kent, in 1834; was educated at Elizabeth College, Guernsey, Rugby, and Balliol College, Oxford, and was fellow of Trinity, Oxford, in 1858. He became professor of Latin, University College, London, in 1870, and was Latin reader at Oxford from 1883 to 1893. He is best known as an authority on Catullus. Besides his edition of that poet's works, his publications include many volumes, articles, and lectures on classical subjects. He was a frequent contributor to the *American Journal of Philology*.

Cardinal Gregorio Maria Aguirre y Garcia, Primate of Spain, died in Madrid on the 9th inst. He was born in Pola de Gordon, Diocese of Oviedo, in 1835, and was created Cardinal in 1907. He was Archbishop of Toledo and Patriarch of the West Indies. Cardinal Aguirre took an active part in the contest over the bill governing

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religious organizations in Spain, which he denounced as a violation of the agreement between Spain and the Vatican.

Science

FIRST HALF-CENTURY OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

A History of the First Half-Century of the National Academy of Sciences. Washington, D. C.

The official records of the Academy do not contain an account of the first meeting, held in New York city, April 22, 1863; even the names of the thirty-one or two original members then present have to be taken from a partly incorrect list in a newspaper of the day following. Regarding so important a matter as the selection of the fifty incorporators, there is only a personal letter of Commodore (afterwards Admiral) C. H. Davis, dated February 20, 1863, in which it is stated: "The Academy [that is, the bill for its incorporation] is to be introduced into Congress by Mr. Wilson. The whole plan of it was arranged last night between Mr. Wilson, Agassiz, Bache, and Ben"; namely, by Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, Profs. Louis Agassiz and Benjamin Pierce of Harvard, Superintendent Bache of the Coast Survey, and presumably also the letter-writer, Commodore Davis, of the navy. It is therefore to be inferred that the four self-appointed scientists thus informally assembled in Washington took the matter into their own hands and selected forty-six additional names to make up a list of the fifty leading scientific investigators of that time. The list "caused some dissatisfaction when published," but it may be doubted whether any other method would have led to a better selection, or have obtained more general approval.

The Academy was incorporated by act of Congress on March 3, 1863. In celebration of its first half-century of existence it now issues, under the direction of a committee of which Dr. Arnold Hague, recording secretary of the Academy for some years past, was chairman, a handsome volume of 400 pages, prepared by Mr. F. W. True, assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, whose careful work shows him to have been well chosen as author and editor. The book contains four chapters: The Founding of the Academy, The Annals of the Academy, Biographical Sketches of the Incorporators, and The Academy as Scientific Adviser to the Government, followed by several statistical appendices and an index. Seven of the twelve plates are portraits of the past presidents, Bache, Henry, Rogers, Marsh, Gibbs, Agassiz, and Remsen.

The object of the Academy, in the minds of some of its most active and influential founders, was to "afford recognition to those men of science who have done original work of real importance," and to "aid the Government in the solution of technical scientific problems having a practical bearing on the conduct of public business"; but the Act of Incorporation mentions, properly enough, only the second object, regarding which more is said below. "Recognition" has happily never reached the self-conscious stage at which members habitually add the initials "M.N.A." to their names, following the "F.R.S." fashion that obtains in Great Britain; still less do they announce their membership on their visiting cards, as is the approved style for Academicians in France; and they are not yet subject to the discomfort of wearing a sort of uniform at official functions, such as is expected of certain Academicians in Germany. It is indeed possible that with us academic membership has not always been taken seriously enough. One of the proposed incorporators refused his opportunity. Regarding another, a personal letter written at the time says: "He is quite mortified at himself, that he can be so tickled with a straw." At a later period a supposedly prevalent opinion about the Academy was tersely phrased in the saying: "It's nothing to belong, but it's hell not to," with the exaggeration characteristic of terse sayings in both clauses. It may, however, be believed that some pleasure is caused by the congratulatory telegrams often sent by old members as announcement of election to new ones. The pleasure is, moreover, usually heightened by association with surprise; for to the credit of American manners be it said that nominations and elections to the Academy are conducted not only with the most careful and jealous scrutiny, but with honest secrecy, and are thus in striking contrast with certain European election methods, where a candidate for academic honors has to nominate himself, makes a round of formal calls on the electors, and personally vaunt his claims. It was lately said of a candidate for election to a famous foreign academy: "After the election he will take a vacation in the country." "Why?" asked an innocent hearer. "Because the work of candidacy is so fatiguing." Self-announced candidacy with us would insure rejection.

The second chapter of the semi-centennial volume narrates the chief events of the peripatetic autumn meetings held in various cities, often in connection with some university, and of the annual meetings held in Washington, and thus gives a good indication of the subjects which have attracted the most attention from the assembled members. The meetings are evidently serious affairs, but they are quiet and inconspicuous, seldom attracting the attention of many non-members, and never reaching an appearance of national importance. Even the Chief Executive of the Government which created the Academy, when called upon at the Washington meeting following his inauguration, has not always seemed to be aware of the opinion that his callers have of themselves. On one such occasion the Academicians were hustled with scant courtesy through the White House corridors between two political delegations of distinctly non-academic complexion, which, as the more dignified members thought, were pressed too closely upon the real meat of this sandwich. On the other hand, there was compensation for such remissness in the hearty attention of another President, who not only allotted the better part of an afternoon to a personal reception of the Academy, but himself presented a number of medals and awards to the recipients selected by the Academy, opening his remarks with cordial assurance of welcome to the company gathered around him, and finally, as if contrasting politics and science, as he handed a valuable award to a noted physicist, closing with the phrase: "I envy you the practice of a profession at once calculable and exact."

One reason for the relatively small importance of the meetings of the Academy is that the great size of the United States is a serious discouragement to attendance on the part of distant members. Another reason is that too many of the most valued and active members are so hard oppressed with home work and so little impressed with the meetings they have attended that they do not include regular attendance among their personal duties. Although the original limitation to fifty members was withdrawn by Congressional amendment in 1870, so that the roll now carries more than one hundred names, the number of members at a meeting is commonly from twenty to forty; and even this moderate representation is fully gathered only in the business sessions and at the festive dinner, especially at the business session for the election of new members.

The publications of the Academy are of so limited a nature as to be a disappointment to many of its members. Brief summaries in the form of annual reports are, to be sure, complete from the beginning. Seven volumes of biographical memoirs constitute a valuable record, but, unhappily, the notices of some members long deceased are still lacking. Three small Annuals appeared in early years (1865-1867), but although the by-law providing for their publication remained in apparent force until thirty years later, no other numbers were printed. One volume of Proceedings, published in three parts (1877, 1886, 1896), has no successors. Eleven volumes of Memoirs have been irregularly issued, periods varying from one to eighteen years elapsing between the

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successive dates of imprint; but as these volumes contain only sixty-eight of the more than two thousand papers presented at the half-century of meetings, it is evident that the members of the Academy usually prefer some other medium than its own publications in which to print their essays. If it be desired to give the National Academy a greater importance than it has yet reached in the opinion of the scientific public, nothing would contribute more to this end than the publication of at least the greater part of the work of the members in its own proceedings; but to accomplish this there ought to be a salaried secretary, who should give his whole time to the Academy's affairs.

One of the most important offices of the Academy is the administration of bequests and trust funds committed to its care for the furtherance or reward of scientific research. Their total now exceeds $200,000, and the work accomplished by their aid includes many notable scientific contributions by leading investigators. If, as is proposed in the semi-centennial volume, a list of the titles of all communications presented to the Academy should subsequently be published, it would be well to include at the same time a list of the grants from its trust funds and the place of publication of the results thus reached. Although the funds now in hand serve a large purpose, the chief lesson to be drawn from them is the surprising one that the most distinguished body of scientists in the country should have so seldom been selected by generous testators as the trustees for their scientific benefactions in a land as rich as the United States. This must mean that the existence of the Academy is very generally unknown.

The most characteristic feature of the National Academy, wherein it differs farthest from all our other scientific organizations, is its work as scientific adviser to the Government. The longest chapter of the semi-centennial volume is appropriately given to this subject. It there appears that during the past fifty years thirty-two reports have been requested by Congress or by governmental officials, and have been made by specially appointed committees of experts. Many of these reports are of high scientific value, but their number is disappointingly small. When, in knowledge of the enormous increase of the Government's scientific activity during the existence of the Academy, it is noted that the reports made in successive decades number 14, 2, 9, 4, and 3, the showing becomes more disappointing still. Indeed, in view of the treatment by Congress of the last two reports, the showing is decidedly discouraging. A report on scientific explorations of the Philippine Islands, requested by President Roosevelt in 1902, was made in 1903, but did not reach Congress until 1905; it was then referred to a committee and ordered to be printed, "but was not reported back." In 1908 a comprehensive report was asked for by Congress on "the methods and expenses of conducting scientific work under the Government"; the report was carefully prepared by five Academicians of eminent ability and high position, and submitted in 1909; but its recommendations, to put it gently, "have not yet been adopted by Congress."

The reason for the small and decreasing number of scientific problems submitted for academic report is not far to seek. The heads of various important scientific bureaus are not necessarily members of the National Academy; yet to them is given, under the Secretary of their Department, almost autocratic control of their bureau's work, with no obligation whatever to ask the opinion of a certain body of eminent investigators as to what should or should not be done. For example, the recommendations regarding Philippine surveys "appear to have failed to obtain support mainly on account of the opposition of the late Dr. Paul C. Freer, who thought that they would interfere with the scientific work in the Philippines which was under his jurisdiction as head of the Government laboratories in Manila." Whether Dr. Freer was wise in this opinion need not be discussed here; but he was certainly correct in it, for the report of the Academy's committee proposed the transference of directing authority from Manila to Washington, where it should be in the hands of a board of which Freer was not to be a member. In view of human nature in general, to say nothing of bureaucratic human nature in particular, it is as plain as need be that no requests for advice from the National Academy will come from the chiefs of bureaus who are not already members of the Academy, and who therefore cannot be members of the committee to which the requests would be referred. If a bureau chief made such a request, it would be tantamount to admitting that he did not know how to conduct the affairs of the bureau over which he had been placed, and that he had to ask help from persons who had not been selected to direct it. On the other hand, Congress is not likely to ask for reports unless things go wrong, as in the case of the competing geological surveys of various governmental departments in the '70's and '80's, which finally became so scandalous that the advice of the Academy was asked, and in most respects taken (see pp. 268-279).

Whether it is desirable that the influence of the Academy as the scientific adviser to the Government should be increased or not is, like the questions of increasing the publications and the trust funds, open to discussion; but assuming that the question is answered in the affirmative, it might be a wise step to give formal recognition to all the chiefs of the more important scientific bureaus by constituting them "associates" of the Academy, *ex-officio*. With such a relation established, it is eminently possible that a wise and powerful, and therefore self-respecting, bureau chief would ask for the appointment of a standing committee of the Academy, with which he might confer as occasion should arise in the conduct of his duties. Without some such formal recognition, it is questionable whether further continuation of the duty of reporting by the Academy, with the growing probability of having its reports pigeonholed, is desirable. The Act of Incorporation of the Academy provides that the actual expenses entailed in making reports shall be paid, but that the members of the Academy "shall receive no compensation whatever for any services to the Government of the United States." This provision seems, under existing conditions, likely to become more literally true than might have been expected when it was worded.

Drama

Lady Gregory is publishing, through Putnams, "Our Irish Theatre," which includes the history of Dublin Theatre from its inception.

In his lectures on "Ten More Plays of Shakespeare" (Holt) Stopford Brooke avoids the methods of most students of Elizabethan drama. He is not interested in Shakespeare's relation to his own era; of the great playwright's use of his sources, of the literary fashions of that day, and the theatrical requirements we hear next to nothing. The plays are regarded as masterpieces which can stand the criticism of any age. This is a refreshing attitude and in the main just, yet by strictly adhering to it, the author occasionally finds himself in an awkward position. Thus he is completely balked by the character of Iago and is finally reduced to calling him "a dirty dog." Nothing is said concerning the gentle pastime of refined villany which in the century succeeding Machiavelli played such a large part in literature and which as a convention justified itself or not according to the degree of its subtlety. His discussion of Julius Cæsar would also have been more illuminating if he had at least taken account of the traditional conceptions of the great Emperor which prevailed in Shakespeare's day. Nor is the following passage concerning Prince Hal's change of heart towards Falstaff after becoming King quite satisfactory:

> It seems hard that at his coronation he should publicly abandon Falstaff, and I wish the parting had been otherwise done. But Shakespeare's Henry was never soft-hearted; and it was amazingly insolent of Falstaff to meet the King before all his people at the solemnity of the coronation with "God save thy Grace, King Hal; God save thee, my sweet boy." No King could bear that impertinence.

Here again Mr. Brooke fails to reckon with the transformation of character, which, in the popular mind, was bound to result

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from the mere process of being anointed King. Absolute consistency between the prince and the prince become king was not expected. A further serious difficulty results from this method of approach. Mr. Brooke, disregarding the fact that tragedies of blood and revenge were in great demand, reads into Shakespeare's choice of such brutal material as that which went into the making of "Othello" a disbelief in a beneficent Providence.

In the main, the book comprises a series of pleasant, analytical appreciations which the average student may read with profit; at times the language rises to reverential eloquence. An occasional futility and even insularity the reader will be inclined to overlook. It is amusing, for instance, that Mr. Brooke should bother to inquire whether Beatrice and Benedick were "in love before the play opens" and to conclude that "they were only interested in one another"; or that he should be so concerned over Beatrice's outburst against Claudio: "O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place." On which Mr. Brooke remarks, "Of course, she would not have done it. It may be spoken, not accomplished." The following plays are treated: "Much Ado About Nothing," "Twelfth Night," "Julius Cæsar," "Hamlet," "Measure for Measure," "Othello," "King Lear," "King John," both parts of "Henry IV," and "Henry V."

The third impersonation offered by Forbes-Robertson in the course of his present engagement at the Shubert Theatre was Dick Heldar in a revival of George Fleming's adaptation of "The Light That Failed." His impersonation, greatly admired in this city some years ago, has ripened since then, and is now a finished bit of artistry. It is by no means—perhaps was never intended to be—a materialization of Kipling's ideal. Compared with that it might be found lacking in animal vigor and the recklessness of a red-blooded Bohemianism. But if more subdued in coloring, it is suggestive of mental and moral fibres superior to those of the original. The character, if it loses somewhat in respect of picturesque realism, gains more from the refinement and intellectuality which are inseparable from this actor's methods. All the finer traits—the capacity for devotion, the zeal for artistic truth, sturdy independence, and cheerful self-sacrificing courage in affliction—are brought into strong relief. Especially impressive, as examples of thoughtful and highly artistic acting, are the scenes in the studio, where, in a condition of semi-delirious exaltation, induced by mental strain and drink, Heldar puts the final touches to his Melancholia, and soon afterwards is stricken blind. Robertson's portrayal of the physical terror caused by the sudden darkness and of the struggle of a proud and brave man to rally against impending moral collapse is very moving and real. He acts with admirable intuition also in the closing episode of the reconciliation with the repentant Maisie, but no skill can rob this incident of its hopeless conventionality and feebleness. The logical ending of such a story must be more or less tragic. It is a pity that Mr. Kipling should ever have condescended, against his better judgment, to violate an artistic principle, in order to gratify, at any cost, the silly popular craving for "happy endings." He, at any rate, could have afforded to refuse his consent to a foolishness of which an adapter would be sure to take advantage.

Ethel Warwick will soon produce in London a new play which has been written for her by Robert Vansittart, author of "The Cap and Bells." The name of it is "People Like Ourselves," and it is described as a study of London life, social and political. Three of the principal characters belong to a family of parvenus. There is the father, a part to be played by Frederick Kerr, who also figures as "producer"; there is the mother, a character for Lottie Venne, and there is the son, represented by Kenneth Douglas, in whom the first two have centred their hopes of social advancement. Everything that money can accomplish has been done to make him a finished gentleman. He has been educated at Eton, he is now an officer in a crack regiment, yet, to the horror of his parents, he falls in love with, and becomes engaged to, an actress, the character specially designed for Miss Warwick. In the end, of course, the heroine proves to be the good genius of the story and the saviour of the family.

Ethel Irving, the prominent English actress, who recently failed to please in "Years of Discretion," is now making preparations for a revival of "La Tosca" upon a most elaborate scale.

Hugh Robinson and Kenelm Foss are possessors of the manuscript of a three-act comedy by G. K. Chesterton. This they have carried to Miss Gertrude Kingston, and, by arrangement with her, the piece is to be produced at the Little Theatre, in London, about the middle of next month. The author describes his work as a fantastic comedy.

"The Woodlanders," the new Wessex play adapted from Thomas Hardy's story by A. Evans, with the author's consent, will be produced at Dorchester Corn Exchange, in England, on November 19 and 20, with a matinée the second day. This is the sixth play of the series acted by the Dorchester players. One, "The Three Wayfarers," was written for them by Mr. Hardy himself. Mr. Harry Tilly is coach and stage manager. A performance will also be given at the Cripplegate Institute, London, on December 8.

Music

THE VERDI CENTENARY.

When the death of Verdi was announced, in 1901, Eduard Grieg wrote an article in *Verdens Gang* in which he said: "In Verdi the last of the great ones has departed. If artistic greatness could properly be compared, I would say that Verdi is greater than Bellini, Rossini, and Donizetti. Yes, I would say that he, by the side of Wagner, was the greatest dramatist of the century."

This judgment of Verdi is much more widely prevalent in the musical world than it was at the time when the great Norwegian composer expressed it. It is also now generally conceded that Verdi's "Aïda" is the greatest of all Italian operas. Yet time was when at least one New York musical critic had to chide the public annually for neglecting this masterwork. It did not become a favorite in New York until Lillian Nordica and Emma Eames impersonated the title part at the Metropolitan Opera House. At the present time we usually hear Johanna Gadski or Emmy Destinn in that rôle, with Caruso as Radames; but that the music itself now hath charms to entice the public even in the absence of such costly singers was shown a few weeks ago by the pecuniary success of the nine performances at the Century Opera House.

Rossini, if we may judge by his "William Tell," which marks so large an advance over his earlier works, might have written as great a work as "Aïda" had he not voluntarily arrested his development, passing the last thirty-eight of his seventy-six years in idleness. It can hardly be said that Verdi was a model of industry; but he continued to compose intermittently till eight years before his death at the ripe age of eighty-eight; and it was during the last thirty-eight years of his life that he wrote his best operas, half-a-dozen of which have survived to proclaim his glory a hundred years after his birth, which occurred on October 10, 1813, five months after the birth of Richard Wagner.

It is an interesting coincidence that the greatest dramatic composers of Italy and Germany were born in the same year. Nor were their musical careers as unlike as is commonly believed. It is assumed that, whereas Wagner met with fierce opposition from beginning to end, Verdi always swam with the current. But this is a mistake. From the beginning, Verdi had occasional reverses, and when the first of his great operas, "Rigoletto," was produced, in 1851, one critic declared that it had "not the slightest chance of maintaining itself in the repertory." The London *Times* said that to enter into an analysis of the opera "would be a loss of time and space," while the *Athenæum* remarked that "the opening ball scene, . . . the abduction finale, the scene between Rigoletto and the courtiers, and the storm in the last act are alike miserable in their meagre patchiness and want of meaning." Like Wagner, too, Verdi was accused innumerable times of maltreating the human voice and of being unmelodious in his music. At the Leipzig Conservatory, wrote Grieg, "there was, in the fifties and sixties, nothing but a scornful smile and a haughty shrug for Verdi. The learned masters regarded his music as bad because they did not understand its national character."

It has often been observed that the critics and other professional musicians abused Wagner for the very things

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we now admire in him most. That the same thing happened to Verdi is not so well known. A striking instance is the *Athenæum's* judgment on "Rigoletto," just cited. The storm music described by the English critic as "patchy" and "meaningless" is a superb exhibition of realism, by far the finest thing of its kind done up to that time by any Italian composer. Wagner himself could hardly have improved on those weird orchestral outbursts, and the effect is marvellously intensified by the grewsome chromatic moaning of the invisible chorus, strikingly like the dismal howling of the wind. And the most remarkable thing about this masterstroke of genius is that it was composed before Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," with its splendid storm music, had been heard anywhere except at Dresden. Certainly Verdi had not heard it; and altogether he was in many ways surprisingly "Wagnerian," quite independently of Wagner. As early as 1844, when "Ernani," which gave him his European fame, was rehearsing, he refused the demand of the prima donna for a final rondo in which she might display her vocal fireworks. "Do you wish," he exclaimed angrily, "to ruin the finest situation in the opera?"

While he did not, like his German colleague, entirely write his own texts, he nearly always had a hand in the choice of subjects, and usually sketched out the situations and the action so completely that little was left for the librettist except the versifying. He made grievous mistakes, and some were fatal to his efforts. Others were not, notably "Il Trovatore," which was for a generation the most popular of operas, in spite of its foolish and incomprehensible libretto. But so rich was its melodic vein that the singers, the public, and the commentators alike overlooked the fact that there is also in this opera a genuine dramatic vein, culminating in the musical portrayal of Azucena, "the living embodiment of rude tiger-motherhood." "Nay, but it takes a confounded amount of genius to create a figure like that!" exclaimed the late W. F. Apthorp, who had a happy faculty of coming to the rescue of ill-understood works of art.

Those accents were new to the world, and while "La Traviata," which followed "Il Trovatore," was a sad relapse into operatic conventionalism, "Aïda" more than atoned for that error. It combines, with a wealth of genuinely dramatic melody, a rare gift of local color. Still more remarkable, in point of realism, sincerity, and finish of style, are the two operas last on the list, "Otello" and "Falstaff"; but, unfortunately, they lack the melodic spontaneity of "Aïda" and "Il Trovatore" and have therefore never been really popular, notwithstanding all the passionate appeals made in their behalf by students of technical refinements. These two operas have had much influence on Wolf-Ferrari and some of the German and French composers; whereas Mascagni, Leoncavallo, and Puccini benefited more by the vigorous, virile style of Verdi's earlier operas, which made them contrast so strongly with the saccharine and florid productions of Donizetti and Rossini and the languorous femininity of Bellini. Altogether, Verdi's influence on the world's art has made for sanity and sincerity, and for this as well as for his inspired works he deserves all the honors that are coming to him in this centenarian season.

When was Verdi born? According to the best American Dictionaries of Music (De Bekker, Baker, Hughes), it was on October 9, 1813. But Grove, Riemann, the Encyclopædia Britannica, Meyer's Konversationslexicon, etc., give October 10 as the date; and October 10 is correct. In Arthur Pougin's "Anecdotic History of Verdi's Life and Works" (Scribner), which is the best biography of Verdi so far issued, attention is called to the fact that in 1884 the *Gazetta Musicale*, of Milan, printed a facsimile (reproduced by Pougin), of the official certificate of the birth of Verdi, extracted from the registers of the *état civil* of the commune of Busseta for October, 1813. This certificate is drawn up in French, as that part of Italy was at that time under French rule. It attests that on October 12 of that year there appeared before the officials——

Verdi, Charles, aged twenty-eight years, innkeeper, domiciled at Roncole, who presented to us a child of the male sex, born the tenth of the present month, at eight o'clock in the evening, of him the deponent, and of Luisa Utini, spinner, domiciled at Roncole, his wife, and to whom he has declared that he wishes to give the forenames of Joseph-Fortunin-François.

The Programme Book of the thirty-second season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra (1912-13) makes a volume with 1,598 pages. Many of these are filled with advertisements, but there is so much good reading matter that in spite of its width, the volume deserves space in every musical library, private or public. The present editor, Philip Hale, pays a tribute of respect to his predecessor, the late W. F Apthorp, who "was proud of his association with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and strove that his share in the work should be of the same standard and make for musical righteousness." His desire was that a symphony or overture should be studied with the aid of his analysis after the performance. "It did not flatter him to see hearers reading while the music was playing." It must be said that while Mr. Apthorp's programme notes were admirable in most respects there was too much "parsing" in them—technical analysis intelligible to those only who did not need it. From this fault Mr. Hale's notes are free; he gives, chiefly, information which prepares the listener for what he is about to hear, and his information is always readable and never too technical. Footnotes are Mr. Hale's hobby. He is so passionately addicted to them that he devotes four pages to a special index of them. The "Entr'actes and Excursions," designed to entertain Bostonians during the ten-minute intermission at each concert, are concerned with subjects as diverse as Beethoven as Pianist, Dancing in Spain and Vienna, Haydn in Paris, Massenet's Souvenirs, Indian Music, Offenbach, Rag-time, Dramatic Expression in the Concert-room, etc.

The Kneisel Quartet announces that the opening concert of the twenty-second season in New York will be given at New Aeolian Hall on Tuesday evening, November 11. The remaining dates in the series will be December 9, January 13, February 10, March 3, and April 7. Among the works by contemporary composers to be placed on these programmes will be Vincent D'Indy's Quartet in E major, op. 45, Chadwick's Quartet in D minor, No. 5, and the Scherzo from the Quartet, op. 38, by A. Bruno, which has not yet been published.

Humperdinck has at last found a name for his new opera—"Die Marketenderin" ("The Camp Follower"). The orchestration has just been completed, and the opera is ready for production. The scene is laid in Blücher's headquarters, 1813-14. Blücher and Gneisenau appear in the cast, but unlike the other principals, they simply speak their parts. The two principal happenings are the march of the Silesian army after the battle of Leipzig and Blücher's crossing of the Rhine at Kaub.

Art

Lovers and collectors of book-plates—and they are not few in number—will be pleased to learn that a monograph on the engraver Sherborn, who died last year, has just been issued, with the title: "A Sketch of the Life and Work of Charles William Sherborn, Painter-Etcher, by his son, Charles Davies Sherborn. With a catalogue of his book-plates, compiled by himself and George Heath Viner" (London: Ellis). The biographical portion, as is said in the preface, tells the "details of a singularly simple life, but one in which devotion to art became a religion." The book will take its place beside I. H. Brainerd's volume on our own E. D. French.

Mr. C. H. Caffin's attempt to overhaul Julia D. de Forest's "A Short History of Art" (Dodd, Mead & Company, illustrated) seems labor thrown away. Originally the book was a rather dry epitome from authorities now obsolete. In revision it has gained very little either in leading ideas or in accuracy. There is no adequate statement of the present condition of the Byzantine problem, and the important discovery of a Roman revival of painting just prior to Giotto is passed by. The description of fresco painting, ungrammatically called "in secco," is incomplete and misleading. Of course, the old error that Leonardo's Cenacolo was painted in oils is repeated, though Cavenaghi six years ago showed that tempera was the medium. As a Cimabue is reproduced a Madonna painted a full generation after that master's death. Antonello da Messina remains a "pupil of the Van Eycks." The cuts and captions of a Paul Dubois and a Rodin are interchanged. Apparently, the book is calculated for some public among which ideas

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count for very little and accuracy not at all. Young ladies' schools, be advised.

A new and cheaper edition of Sir Walter Armstrong's translation of Wölfflin's admirable "The Art of the Renaissance" (Putnam) should rejoice the heart of every teacher of Italian art. One of the most illuminating treatises of our times now becomes available as a textbook. The reissue, though not too large to fit in the tourist's pocket, retains all of the original illustrations.

By carefully watching certain building excavations in Seville Bernhard and Ellen Wishaw gathered a considerable collection of potteries, figurines, and architectural fragments. Combining these with a collection of Andalusian lace, they have set up a little museum, the "Illustrated Descriptive Catalogue" of which now appears in a pamphlet with the imprint of Smith, Elder & Co. The most interesting finds represent a Tartessian civilization which the authors believe to be similar in type and perhaps identical in date with the Minoan, but there are also many objects of Moorish and later periods. There are descriptions of subterranean fanes and labyrinths at Seville that will whet the curiosity of all antiquarians. The illustrative material is insufficient for the appraisal either of the theories or the collections of these zealous archæologists, but enough is shown to prove that they have recovered many objects of enigmatic and novel type. We regret the delay that must probably intervene before we may present ourself at Angeles 5, Seville.

To the long and rapidly growing list of books on English mediæval architecture issued in late years by Henry Frowde there has now been added a volume by A. Hamilton Thompson on "English Mediæval Military Architecture." In an octavo of 367 pages of text, with 200 illustrations, Mr. Thompson traces the historical evolution in England of the fully developed mediæval castle through each successive stage from its origin in the pre-Roman earthworks; while special chapters treat of the Norman keep, the later cylindrical keeps or donjons, the dwelling-house in the castle, the concentric plan, the later mediæval fortifications, including city walls, and the fortified dwelling or manor. Foreign examples like Coucy, Carcassone, and the Mont St. Michel are referred to by way of comparison and illustration; and from the remarkable articles on French military architecture in the "Dictionnaire Raisonné" of Viollet-le-Duc have been taken a number of spirited drawings, which add materially to the interest of the discussion of mediæval military operations. All the most important castles of England are more or less fully described, and most of them illustrated by excellent photographic prints. The numerous pen sketches are of quite uneven merit. The plans are good as far as they go, but there should have been more of them, *e. g.*, of Rochester, Newark, Raglan, Warkworth, and Warwick castles. The subject is one of purely historical and archæological interest, and its treatment must perhaps of necessity be somewhat dry, especially for the American reader, for whom the feudal architecture of England lacks the patriotic and romantic attraction it naturally holds for the English. Certainly Mr. Thompson has failed to infuse into his very detailed technical discussion the slightest flavor of romance, of historical picturesqueness, or of literary elegance. The contrast of his style and method with Viollet-le-Duc's briefer treatment of the parallel development in France is striking in this respect: the French account is full of animation. In Mr. Thompson's work the broader aspects of the subject are buried under a mass of details. These, however, are carefully studied, and no other single volume in the same field combines so complete a survey of the whole subject with detailed information regarding so many castles. The bibliography and two indexes are very full; but there should also have been provided an index of illustrations.

Finance

PRESENT STATUS OF THE BANKING BILL.

After what appears to have been a fair and open discussion, the National Bankers' Convention at Boston last week adopted resolutions asking for several modifications in the banking and currency bill now pending before Congress. These resolutions, which received the virtually unanimous endorsement of the 2,400 delegates, approve the recommendations of last August's Bankers' Conference at Chicago. They argue that, to insure the success of any new system such as is contemplated, the general approval and coöperation of existing banks must be obtained, and they declare that such coöperation will be impossible without certain amendments to the bill. But the resolutions also formally commend the Administration for its "efforts to give the country an elastic, as well as a safe, currency," and pledge "hearty support for the enactment of proper legislation to that end."

As was pointed out in this column last week, the salient objections to the banking bill as it stands—objections set forth by the Chicago conference, and now ratified by the Boston Convention—are four in number. The national board of seven, all of whom, under the bill, would be either Government officers or Presidential appointees, should contain, the Convention holds, a minority of three, named by the regional reserve banks. National banks should not, as in the present bill, be required to join the system and subscribe to the capital of the regional reserve banks; membership should be optional. The national board should not be empowered to require rediscount of one regional reserve bank's paper by another. Finally, note issues should be described in the Act, not as obligations of the United States, but as "obligations of the Federal reserve banks, issued by permission of the Federal Reserve Board."

The action of the Bankers' Convention and the trend of the discussion which preceded it, indicate strongly the necessity for further consideration of the bill, with a view to reaching, if possible, a ground on which both the banks and the Government can stand. The case cannot fairly be described as one in which the banks are defying the Government or endeavoring to dictate to it. That the banks have shown themselves unwilling to accept certain provisions which the Administration wishes to impose, is plain enough. But it will not help the situation to assume that this reluctance of the banks is based on determination to keep the control of the system in the hands of the banking institutions. The summary of the proposed alterations in the bill, which we have made above, shows that the banks do not ask for this, and that, if all their suggestions were adopted, they still would not have obtained it. The only change suggested in the executive clauses of the bill is one which, while giving the banks indirect representation on the national board, would still leave it a minority representation.

Perhaps it is open to some doubt whether the banks would obtain by this means as effective a voice in the policies of that body as they would obtain by a reasonable enlargement of the functions of the advisory council of bankers, proposed in the bill. But with regard to the Convention's appeal for some representation on the Federal Reserve Board, there is thus much of valid argument: that the Board is to have certain sweeping powers over the policies of the regional reserve banks, to which the individual banks will have subscribed the necessary capital, yet that the subscribers of that capital will have no voice in determining such policies. It is this which differentiates the proposed scheme of national supervision from such bodies of purely political appointees as the Interstate Commerce Commission. It is in this respect, also, that the parallel with European central banks under government-named directorates fails of exact application. The European banks are equipped through private or governmental capital.

The weight of the controversy will undoubtedly rest very largely on the question of the national board. The strength of the bankers' contention lies in the fact that at least the presence of expert bankers in the deliberations of the central board, which may dictate the use of capital subscribed by the banks, ought to be insured; the strength of the Government's contention lies in the fact that control of the system by any group of banks would be rendered impracticable by the political composition of that board. The weakness of the bankers' argument lay in the public knowledge of the extent to which the country's banking machinery had in the past been influenced by such financial groups; the weakness of the Govern-

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ment's argument, under existing circumstances, lay in the fact that, without the coöperation of the individual banks, the whole experiment might prove to be a failure; for nothing can absolutely prevent withdrawal of banks from the national system.

Such being the case, it should seem that the situation calls for statesmanlike compromise between the ideas of the bankers and the Government. This does not mean, and the Boston Convention has not asked, the relinquishment of the Government's effective power, through majority representation, over the national board. But some middle ground ought to be attainable in the matter, through which there may be insured both the Government's predominant supervisory power and the cooperation of the banks as a whole in making the new system a success. The object to be attained by such compromise is the success of the Administration's plan, which might be jeopardized if the existing deadlock is not broken.

It must not be overlooked that the Convention has by implication approved the general machinery and detailed provisions of the bill. The other criticisms of the report involve problems both of opinion and of practice, in which the existing provisions are susceptible of modifications. Compulsory membership in the system by national banks and compulsory subscription to the stock of the regional reserve banks are, in some ways, the most important of them, yet both of these could be met with the least surrender of principle. The Aldrich plan made such membership and subscription optional; but, since its provisions for redemption of the 2 per cent. Government bonds, pledged against circulation, were to apply only to member banks, it was regarded by its author as insuring membership by all the national banks. If membership in the present case were to be made optional, a similar restriction of provisions for the bonds to member banks would presumably be inevitable.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Albee, H. R. A Kingdom of Two. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Alexander, Miriam. The Ripple. Putnam $1.35 net.
Alexinsky, Gregor. Modern Russia. Trans by B. Miall. Scribner.
Allinson, A. C. E. Roads from Rome. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Andrews, Charlton. The Drama To-day Phila.: Lippincott. $1.50 net.
Atteridge, A. H. Famous Modern Battles. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.75 net.
Averill, Mary. Japanese Flower Arrangement Applied to Western Needs. Lane. $1.50 net.
Bancroft, Francis. Divided. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.35 net.
Bax, Clifford. Friendship. (Fellowship series.) Dutton. 75 cents net.
Bayley, Harold. The Lost Language of Symbolism. 2 vols. Phila.: Lippincott.
Baylor, A. S. Adventures of Miss Tabby Gray. Boston: Wilde Co.
Beaman, Ardern. Travels Without Baedeker. Lane. $2 net.
Beauties. Illustrations by Harrison Fisher. Verse by Carolyn Wells. Dodd, Mead. $3.50 net.
Beecher, Henry Ward. Lectures and Orations, edited by N. D. Hillis. Revell. $1.20 net.
Behr, Herman. Perlen englischer Dichtung in deutscher Fassung. New York: The Author.
Benson, A. C. Watersprings. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Berlioz, Hector. A Critical Study of Beethoven's Nine Symphonies. Trans. from the French by E. Evans. Scribner.
Bigelow, M. A. and A. N. Introduction to Biology. Macmillan. $1.10 net.
Bithell, Jethro. Life and Writings of Maurice Maeterlinck. Scribner.
Blennerhassett, Lady. Sidelights. Trans. by E. Gülcher. Scribner.
Blythe, S. G. The Price of Place. Doran. $1.25 net.
Brady, C. T. A Christmas when the West Was Young. Chicago: McClurg. 50 cents net.
Brewster, Dorothy. Aaron Hill, Poet, Dramatist, Projector. Col. Univ. Press (Lemcke & Buechner). $1.50 net.
Brown, Alice. Robin Hood's Barn. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Buffum, B. C., and Deaver, D. C. Sixty Lessons in Agriculture. American Book Co. 80 cents.
Caldwell's Boys and Girls at Home. (Tenth Year of Issue.) Boston: Caldwell Co.
Calthrop, D. C. Susette. Stokes. $1.25 net.
Carus, Paul. The Principle of Relativity; The Mechanistic Principle and the Non-Mechanical. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co. $1 each.
Chesser, E. S. Woman, Marriage, and Motherhood. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.50 net.
Combs, J. H. The Kentucky Highlanders. Lexington, Ky.: Richardson & Co.
Davis, R. H. The Lost Road. Scribner. $1.25 net.
Desmond, H. J. The Larger Values that Make for the Well-Rounded Life. Chicago: McClurg. 50 cents net.
Dieulafoy, Marcel. Art in Spain and Portugal. Scribner.
Dunbar, R. E. Arthur Sonten. South Bend, Ind.: The Author. 50 cents.
Duncan, Norman. Finding His Soul. Harper. 50 cents net.
Dunn, B. A. Storming Vicksburg. (Young Missourians Series.) Chicago: McClurg. $1.25 net.
Eaton, W. P. Barn Doors and Byways. Boston: Small, Maynard. $2.50 net.
Edwards, Albert. The Barbary Coast. Macmillan. $2 net.
Encyclopædia of the Philosophical Sciences. Vol. I, Logic, by Arnold Ruge and others. Trans. by B. E. Meyer. Macmillan. $2 net.
Erskine, Payne. The Eye of Dread. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.35 net.
Escott, T. H. S. Anthony Trollope, His Public Services, Private Friends and Literary Originals. Lane. $3.50 net.
Farnol, Jeffery. The Honourable Mr. Tawnish. Boston: Little, Brown. $1 net.
Fedden, Mrs. Romilly. The Spare Room. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Findlater, Mary. Betty Musgrave. Dutton. $1.35 net.
Fosdick, H. E. The Assurance of Immortality. Macmillan. $1 net.
Foxcroft, L. R. While You Are a Girl. Boston: Pilgrim Press. 75 cents net.
Fraser, Mrs. Hugh, and Stahlmann, J. I. The Honor of the House. Dodd, Mead. $1.30 net.
Fuller, Loie. Fifteen Years of a Dancer's Life. Boston: Small, Maynard. $2 net.
Galsworthy, John. The Dark Flower. Scribner. $1.35 net.
Gathering Storm: Studies in Social and Economic Tendencies. By "A Rifleman." Lane. $1.50 net.
German Classics of the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries. Translated into English. Edited by Kuno Francke. W. G. Howard, and others. Vol. I, II, III (total 20). German Publication Society.
Gibson, C. R. The Romance of Scientific Discovery. Phila.: Lippincott. $1.50 net.
Gooding, Paul. Picturesque New Zealand. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $3.50 net.
Gould and Pyle's Pocket Cyclonedia of Medicine and Surgery. Second edition. Phila.: Blakiston. $1 net.
Grahame, Kenneth. The Wind in the Willows. Scribner. $2 net.
Griffith, H. S. Letty's Treasure. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co. 50 cents net.
Grubb, W. B. A Church in the Wilds. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Gruenberg, S. M. Your Child: Some Problems for Parents. Phila.: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Guthrie, James. Divine Discontent. (Fellowship series.) Dutton. 75 cents net.
Halifax, Robert. The White Thread. Stokes. $1.25 net.
Hall, Gertrude. The Truth About Camilla Century Co. $1.30 net.
Harbottle, John. The Luck of Laramie Ranch. D. Appleton. $1.30 net.
Hare, Christopher. Maximilian, the Dreamer (1459-1519). Scribner.
Hatton, F. and F. L. Years of Discretion. Novelized from the play. Dodd, Mead. $1.25 net.
Hazard, D. L. Observations Made at the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey Magnetic Observatory Near Honolulu, 1911 and 1912. Washington: Gov. Ptg. Office.
Hering, Ewald. Memory. Fourth edition, enlarged. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co. $1.
Hotchkiss, C. W. Representative Cities of the United States. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 65 cents net.
Humperdinck's Hänsel and Gretel. A Guide to the Opera, by L. M. Isaacs and K. J. Rahlson. Dodd, Mead. $1 net.
Hunting at High Altitudes: The Book of the Boone and Crockett Club. Harper. $2.50 net.
Hymns for Schools and Colleges. Edited by M. W. Stackpole and J. N. Ashton. Boston: Ginn. $1.25.
Ingram, E. M. The Unafraid. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Irwin, Florence. Auction High-Lights. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Irwin, Violet. The Human Desire. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.35 net.
Jacoby, Harold. Astronomy: A Popular Handbook. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
Johnson, Clifton. Highways and Byways from the St. Lawrence to Virginia (Tourist edition). Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Jones, H. C. A New Era in Chemistry. Van Nostrand. $2 net.
Kelland, C. B. Mark Tidd. Harper. $1 net.
Kerr, C. H. What Socialism Is. Chicago: Kerr & Co. 5 cents.
Kimball, D. S. Principles of Industrial Organization. McGraw-Hill Book Co. $2.50 net.
Kingsley, F. M. Hurrying Fate and Geraldine. Franklin Bigelow Corporation. $1.20.
Knowles, A. C. Adventures in the Alps. Phila.: Jacobs. $1.50.
Lang, Mrs. The Strange Story Book. Illus. by Henry Ford. Longmans. $1.60 net.
Lee, A. L. A Senior Co-Ed. Phila.: Penn Pub. Co. $1.25 net.
Li Hung Chang. Memoirs, edited by W. F. Mannix. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $3 net.
Low, B. R. C. A Wand and Strings, and Other Poems. Lane. $1.25 net.
Mabie, H. W. American Ideals, Character, and Life. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
McComb, Samuel. Prayer. Harper. 50 cents net.
McCunn, John. The Making of Character. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Macmillan Standard Library. The Quest of Happiness, by Newell Dwight Hillis. Macmillan. 50 cents.
Maeterlinck, M. Our Eternity. Trans. by A. T. de Mattos. Dodd, Mead. $1.50 net.
Maeterlinck, Madame. The Children's Blue Bird. Trans. by A. T. de Mattos. Dodd, Mead. $2.50 net.
Maeterlinck's News of Spring. Trans. by A. T. de Mattos. Illus. by E. J. Detmold. Dodd, Mead. $4 net.
Mayo, N. S. The Diseases of Animals. Eighth edition. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Mitchell, W. C. Memoirs of the University of California. Vol. 3, Business Cycles. Berkeley.
Montaigne, Marie, and others. How to Be Beautiful. Harper. $1 net.
Moody, W. V. Some Letters. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.

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Mordaunt, Elenor. Lu of the Ranges. Sturgis & Walton. $1.35 net.
Paine, A. B. "Peanut": The Story of a Boy. Harper. 50 cents net.
Parish, J. C. The Man with the Iron Hand (Tales of the Mississippi Valley series). Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Parrish, Randall. The Maid of the Forest. Chicago: McClurg. $1.35 net.
Partridge, G. E. A Reading Book in Modern Philosophy. Sturgis & Walton. $1.50 net.
Patterson, C. B. In the Sunlight of Health. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.20 net.
Patterson, J. E. His Father's Wife. Macmillan. $1.35 net.
Peladan, J. A. St. Francis of Assisi: A Play. Trans. and adapted by H. J. Massingham. Scribner.
Pendexter, Hugh. The Young Trappers. Boston: Small, Maynard. 65 cents net.
Pennington, Patience. A Woman Rice Planter. Macmillan. $2 net.
Phillips, Stephen. Lyrics and Dramas. Lane. $1.25 net.
Pope, Hugh. The Catholic Student's "Aids" to the Bible: Old Testament. Benziger Brothers. $1.35 net.
Potter, David. The Streak. Phila.: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
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